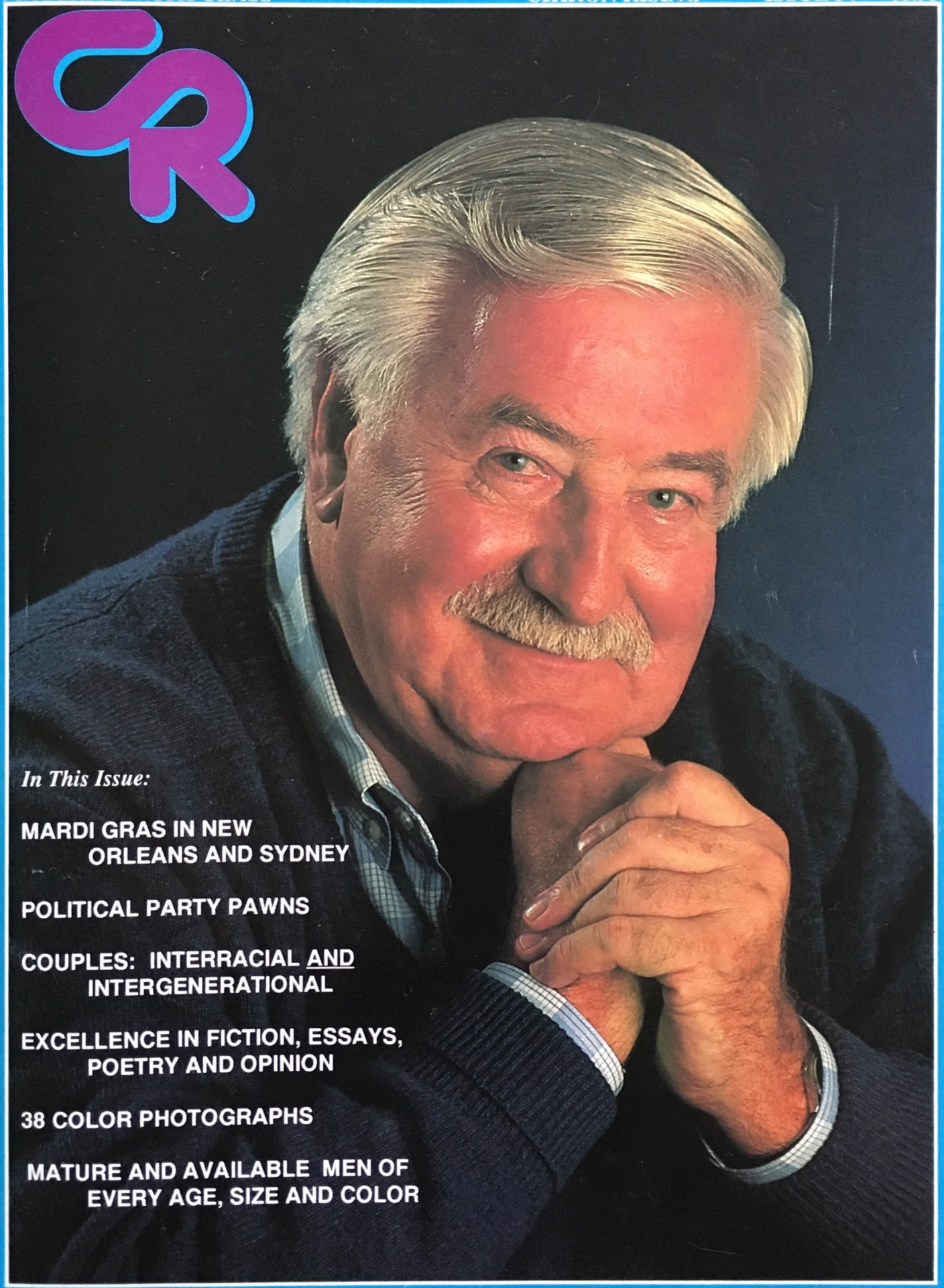
MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING ISSUE 54 $5.95

CR



In This Issue:

MARDI GRAS IN NEW ORLEANS AND SYDNEY

POLITICAL PARTY PAWNS

COUPLES: INTERRACIAL AND INTERGENERATIONAL

EXCELLENCE IN FICTION, ESSAYS, POETRY AND OPINION

38 COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

MATURE AND AVAILABLE MEN OF EVERY AGE, SIZE AND COLOR

ADULTS ONLY

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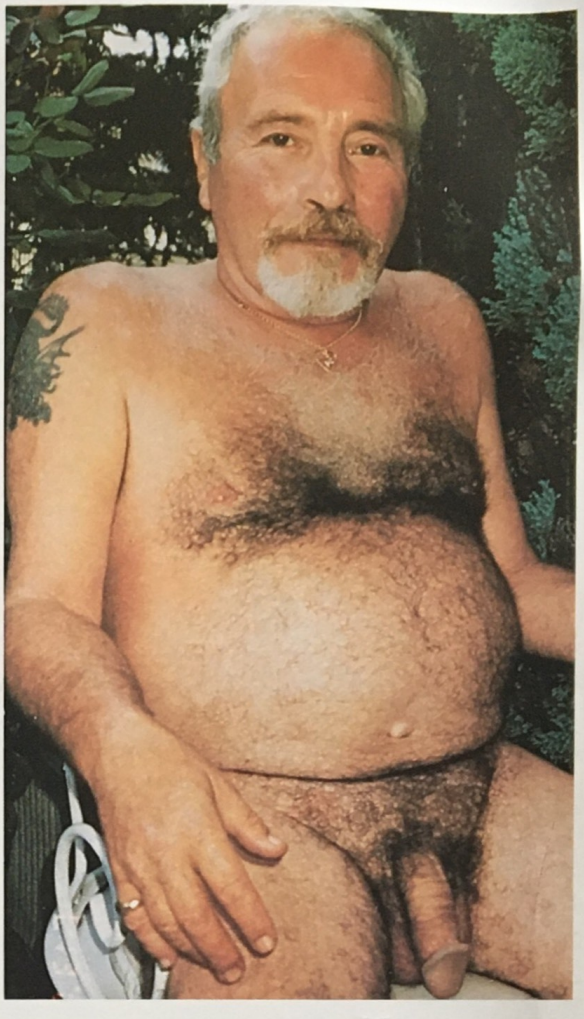
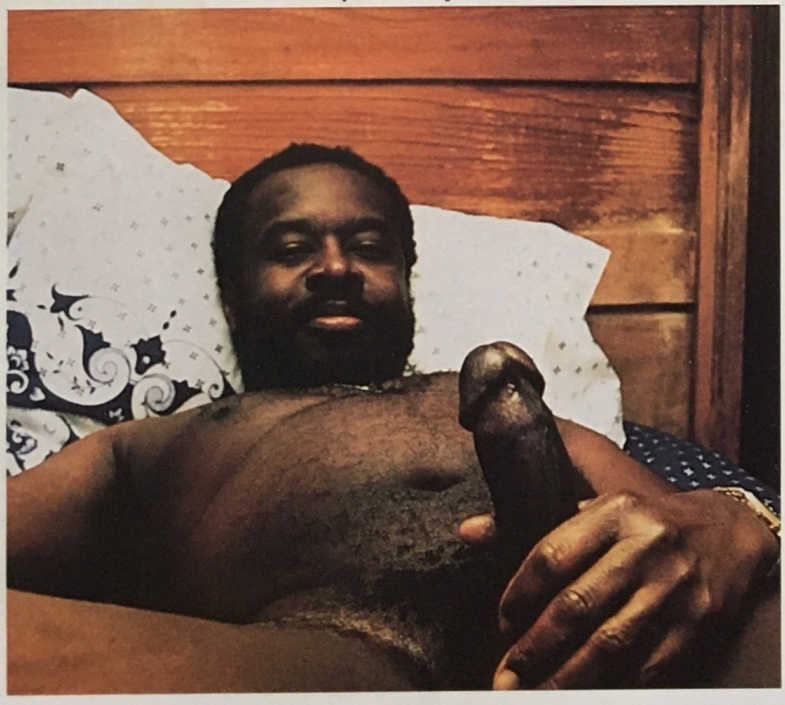


FRENCH BOB . . . photo by BECKER

WHEN YOU'RE HOT, YOU'RE HOT!

KELLEY . . . photo by K MAC

CARL LAWRENCE . . . photo by BOB



CHIRON RISING ™ MAGAZINE
ISSUE 54

CHIRON·RISING

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COVER LOGO DESIGN - Gary Thomas

FRONT COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHELSEA WILLIAMS

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CR IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS ARE TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS AND TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFE-MATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.

F O R U M

REACTIONS TO *REDEMPTION FOR THE SATYR*

Redemption for the Satyr (FALL/WINTER 92/93 CR CLASSICS) was a most interesting novel . I always had the feeling that the story would end happily, yet at times one had to wonder whether Barney would make it. I anticipated certain happenings; others were complete surprises. I laughed, I cried at parts. As with all your novels, it showed a great creative mind. We thank you for sharing it with us. The pictures of the Men of CR are always breathtaking. FLORES is one hunk. Wow! And CHELSEA WILLIAMS is one fantastic photographer. All of the Men of CR are so talented. L.T./Connecticut

I think *Redemption for the Satyr* is by far the most enjoyable novel you have written. Perhaps the number of Barney's episodes is more than one would normally encounter, but that is "author's license." I know many will bitch that the story is too mild or soft, but to hell with them. It was a wonderful feeling just to escape, even for a brief time, back into the world of gentleness. We are so constantly exposed to violence, hate and loathing that it is a welcomed relief to remember there once was a civilized world. Thank you. FLORES/Northern California

Thank you for *Redemption for the Satyr*. It is marvelous, true-to-life, real. I picked the magazine up at the mailbox, sat down and read it at one sitting. For someone who is an omnivorous, somewhat jaded reader, that is the best compliment I can give. Thank you. Do more of it! N.Z./Phoenix

First, I'd like to express my thanks to you, The Friar, and all those who make this magazine possible. It has made me see that I'll find that older man to fill that ugly, empty void in my life (you guys out there know what I'm talking about). I always thought I was weird for wanting an older and wiser man and enduring massive amounts of teasing from my so-called friends. Now that I've found CR, I have all the friends I need. So to the staff of CR, keep up the good work, knowing that for some people it's something worth waiting for. Now for Mr. Colley: Your novel, *Redemption for the Satyr* really touched home. Like the character, Barney, I'm from North Carolina and can relate to the problems of being gay and dealing with the judgmental family and the southern way of thinking. A lot of the things Barney felt, I've had the misfortune of experiencing also, especially meeting married men who will lie at the drop of a hat. Unfortunately, I couldn't get a copy of *Zones* and missed what is probably another fascinating novel. If someone out there is willing to part with their copy, I'll be more than happy to reimburse them for it. Once again, thanks for making me feel like part of something special. No matter where I may live, as long as CR is there, I'll be at home. SCRATCH/Missouri

WHERE HAS DECORUM GONE?

Whilst I do not hold you responsible for this, I am disappointed that I get such a low response in my letters to advertisers. I do screen my replies very carefully to make sure that I do fit in to the requirements of the advertiser. I do accept that maybe the few thousand miles that separate us might deter some people, but I guess at present I must have sent at least ten photos to people who have neither replied nor returned the photos. Where is good manners? I could possibly even make up a list of those names if you were interested. As I am not a person to pose in front of cameras at will, I resent the loss of these photos. But apart from that, I have only praise for your organisation, which is evidenced by the fact that I have renewed my subscription for the full twelve months this time. D.D./Australia

This sort of thing happens too much and really pisses us off. In D.D.'s case, it didn't reflect adversely against us, but often times it does. If the culprits are too cheap to send the photos back to Australia, they should send them to us and we'll send them back. We want to know the names of advertisers who refuse to send back photos in a reasonable length of time. These guys are hurting us, and we'd prefer that they advertise elsewhere. PHC

AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN

My compliments on a very exciting magazine for mature males. I have been intending to tell you this ever since I was introduced to my first issue of CR. I must confess that I have been taking advantage of a friend's good nature and have been reading his copies for quite some time. However, my conscience has bothered me every time I asked to borrow the latest issue, because I know that your existence as a publication depends upon the support of every reader. To make amends for my past failings I have finally decided to pay for my own subscription with the hope that it will make life less burdensome for you. I also would like to pay for a one year extension of my friend's subscription in appreciation for introducing me to CR. Please acknowledge my gift to him. I would also like to pay for a 6-issue subscription to be sent to someone—at your discretion—who cannot afford to pay. Now that this has been attended to, I feel much better; I hope that it is the beginning of a long and enjoyable relationship with CR. J.C./Florida

If every reader followed J.C.'s lead, we would sparkle with 100% glossy color, have a cover price of $3.95 and be published monthly. But, alas, that will never be the case. Not all people see the situation in the same way, and we perfectly understand. You buy a copy, you do what you want with it. Much of the mail we get comes from men who readily admit that they read someone else's copy. We still answer their letters and treat them with respect. It's good business. PHC

WHAT HAPPENED TO RUSSIAN BEAR?

Thank you very much for the CR CLASSICS FALL/WINTER. It is proving to be an excellent read (as ever). Since discovering CR in May of 92, I have been a great admirer of your work; I am particularly pleased with the last two novels, *Knowing Saturn* and *Redemption for the Satyr*. As a long-time admirer of mature men, I have been starved of such a magnificent publication as CR, and I was delighted to see yet more evidence of your

special models such as THOM, CARL and MOUNTAIN MAN. The new (to me) models such as THE SWIMMER and MR. MANAGER are also worth mentioning. Whatever happened to that superb model, RUSSIAN BEAR? Has he retired from the scene or just found Mr. Right? D.K./England

We haven't heard from RUSSIAN BEAR for some time now. Rest assured, if he sends us more photos, we'll publish them. PHC

LIKE A WAVE ROLLING OVER YOU AND SWEEPING YOU AWAY

Just another admiration letter from a subscriber of several years. Before being introduced to CR, I had resigned myself to being the only one interested in mature men; fortunately, such was not the case. Though your magazine has been toned down a lot (a little too much for my taste) I still eagerly anticipate the arrival of each new issue and devour it the same day, like a kid with a bag of candy, unable to resist eating all that he has, disappointed there is nothing left, and eagerly awaiting the next batch. Seeing the same models and reading the articles has developed a sense of familiarity with those associated with CR. Strange though how things work out. Never thought I'd be writing to you. My lover (58 years old), after a memorable 9 years together, passed away from a heart attack. The pain, tears, and loneliness that were once constant companions are now intermittent; sometimes I almost prefer it being constant because you are prepared for it and can deal with it in public. But when it's intermittent, it can happen at any time when you least expect it, like a wave rolling over you and sweeping you away. Having gone a whole day without thinking about him being gone, you're caught totally off-guard when the feelings swell up. I've always been quick to give advice such as "get on with your life," so it's time to take my own advice. Having that sense of "family" with CR, it feels only natural that I turn to your personal ads. Always admired the artwork of RAM. Too bad none of his models place ads. Thanks again for the much needed services you provide! YANKEE/New Orleans

YANKEE's ad was withdrawn. He just met someone special through CR and wants to see where it leads. PHC

THE WELL OF SELF-HATRED

I'm an American living in Acapulco for seven years. I'm 38, 6'-1", tan, a trim 185#, hung cut, beared, intelligent, athletic and lonely! My older lover of 15 years is now 72. Because of medications, etc., we haven't had sex in more than three years. For the past five years, after he had several major operations, things started to go bad. He felt ugly. Nothing I said or did changed anything. The man is a super person and very good-looking, but he will never take his shirt off at the beach. I have to force him to go out for a drink or dinner or anything! I'm at a total loss. I feel hurt, lost and very horny! He says our love life ended long ago . . . *good bye, don't worry about me.* But the man's been such a special and positive influence in my life that it's hard to let go. I feel very committed to him. Yet, at the same time, I'd like to meet a man like BIG PAW, C.J. or RUSSIAN BEAR! What's a horny guy to do? I don't fool around here. The older, hairy, attractive men I meet here want young boys, 12-18. I'm too old. Is there any hope for me to find a new, true love without guilt from my previous relationship? Do people over 50 want someone my age? Often, older gay men are eager to blame the younger person in a relationship for causing the problems. In mine, it's been his negative feelings about his appearance, lack of vitality, self-hate and poor mental attitude that seem to have sucked all the youth and life out of me! I'd sure like to know if there are other younger people going through my situation and what they think. I'd also like to hear from older men about their feelings on this subject. Should I stay, or should I leave and hope to find a new lover and a new life? I'm at the end of my rope! J.J.K./Acapulco

Write to J.J.K. as you would an advertiser with a codeword. PHC

CR MEN ON THE JENNY JONES SHOW

After seeing "May-December Gay Relationships" on the *Jenny Jones Show*, we wanted to express our congratulations and gratitude to the eight men who made such a courageous and positive showing on the program. We were delighted by the dignified, masculine and loving presence they projected. This program turned out to be one of the most positive presentations on the subject in recent months, and all of our friends and acquaintances in this area who saw the show or videotapes of it have enthusiastically expressed the same opinion. We also want to thank you, Pat, and the Friar, for making the show possible in the first place by all the effort, time and money you expended in locating willing participants and coordinating with the producers of the program. We do regret, however, that the producers did not see fit to plug CR and give it the public recognition it deserves. I know from personal experience in my long relationship with John and the countless times he has gone on television, radio or other media events and interviews, how painful it is to face and respond to the hateful, vitriolic homophobes and mindless bigots. We admired the positive, honest manner in which these eight men responded and were happily surprised by the support given by Jenny Jones. Instead of hurting the panel, the homophobic Paul Cameron actually helped our cause by exposing himself as the contemptible, uninformed, illogical, pompous ass he is. So many times, we have been gratified to see members of an audience who admit that they do not understand or "approve" of homosexuality, pull back and reconsider their intolerance somewhat, because they are unwilling to be associated with a malicious, homophobic fanatic making outrageous accusations and preaching hate, violence and bigotry. Thanks again to all of you. And Thom, keep on pumping! John J. McNeill and Charles Chiarelli/New York

A WARNING

Going through the personal ads, I've noticed that quite a few of your subscribers really make it clear how secluded and isolated their homes are. These days, that could easily be a very risky chance to take. I don't have to spell it out and give you all the gory details. I believe it would be very wise for you to edit those ads or urge the advertisers to get a code word. You would be doing many a favor and would save some people from becoming a statistic. I might sound like I'm overreacting by making up a storm in a glass of water, but one just has to read the papers. Nowadays it does not pay to be a fool and not play it safe. Think about it. I.R./Connecticut

I.R. has a point. No sense asking for trouble. Advertisers are urged to use P.O. or drop boxes in their personal ads. PHC

HAUNTING *SANCTUM*

My favorite piece of work in your magazine thus far is the novel, *Sanctum* (CR CLASSICS FALL/WINTER 90/91, previously CR #37). That's not counting the beautiful photos of BIG PAW. Every hair on that gentlemanly body is worth admiring. Every photo I've seen captures his manliness perfectly. Applause to the photographers. But *Sanctum* brought out a wide range of emotions in me while I was reading it—some feelings that I haven't really felt in years or dealt with for that matter. It's as though I were there. *I wanted to be there*. The inner struggles of the characters were all too familiar to me: trying to decipher what love really is and how to identify it. The story had me engulfed so much that I didn't want to put it down or have it end. My partner and I, both of us in our upper 30s, have had relationships with mature gentlemen in our pasts. Bill has had a few more than I: a couple that had passed on during their terms. I actually had only one. I was 24 at the time, he was 56. That was back in '80-'81. We were both in the closet at the time, and neither of us was ready for a relationship. Unfortunately the relationship deteriorated to the point where we mutually agreed on breaking up. One of the hardest things I've ever had to do in my life. It was so painful. I really didn't want it to end. But reality prevailed. Due to the circumstances, it just couldn't work out at that time. Another time and things might have been different. I've always feared trying to contact him. The reason being because of a rumor I had received that he had been killed in a plane crash. He flew as a crop dusting pilot for a living. He had supposedly gone down during one of his runs. I was devastated to hear the news and too afraid to find out the truth. That was 10 years ago. I've been told I should try and look him up for my own peace of mind. But I don't know if I could handle that. I think that's why *Sanctum* has left such an impression in my mind. We lived in a similar geographical area, Washington State. We used to go flying around the Cascade Mountains every once in awhile. It's funny how certain things will jog your memory. When I read CR, I think of him quite often, remembering the time together. Well, I really didn't expect to ramble on about my past like that. By the way, I would really like to get my hands on the *Zones* special issue (#45). If you know of any readers who would be interested in selling their old copies, I would like to get hold of any older issues. Thanks. D.F./ Northwest

If you have a Zones special issue to sell or trade, contact D.F. as you would an advertiser with a codeword. PHC

TIME TO GET ON WITH A NEW LIFE

I'm 51, very athletic, and in very good shape. I've raised two children by myself during the last eight years and have a top management position with a large firm. My divorce was final in 1984, and I received custody of the kids because of sexual abuse by my ex-wife and her friend. I relocated to Florida six years ago to help forget. The kids and I have had a very good life together, and now they are both in college. The last one left in August. Living the very conservative and straight life for years, I am now starting a new life on my own. Having recently picked up your magazine in a book store, I've decided to become a subscriber and see what is happening out in the real world. Now that the house is empty except for me, I am exploring new avenues. I don't feel as though I'm missing a lot in life, but now it's time to get on with my new life. I am telling you a little about my background because I would like to communicate with two individuals you mentioned in your last few issues. They are PADRE and PETER PANDA. I realize that these individuals are probably inundated with letters, but if the situation is available I would like to drop them a line or two. I grew up in Northern California and graduated from college in that area. I played minor league baseball for four years and then went on for my masters. I'm 5'-9", 180#, with a 44" chest, a 35" waist and brown hair. I exercise weekly and am well-endowed. I'm looking for someone who is conservative and in the 60 to 75 age bracket. I would appreciate any help you can provide. FLORIDA DAN

Something tells me that FLORIDA DAN won't have to worry about writing anyone after a few thousand conservative older men read the above. I dare say that letters from PADRE and PETER PANDA might be included in the pile. Write FLORIDA DAN as you would an advertiser with a codeword. PHC

ON CRITICISM

I received the two boxes of back issues to gift our Prime Timers with when they come for our 3rd annual Thanksgiving feast at my home. Thank you. A super gift. I'll give them the word of your generosity and urge them to subscribe personally. As a reader—my number one hobby—I avidly devour all your fiction. It's so great, it's real to me. But I also read every word with great interest in every issue of CR. Some advice: Welcome any criticism. I taught Dale Carnegie's Leadership Training Course for eight years while practicing law. Dale wisely pointed out that "folks don't kick dead dogs." So your detractors' criticism is truly their jealousy . . . showing they envy you, your writing, your successes. I congratulate you both. At 70, I work every day because I love my work so much and because I feel so wonderful . . . perfect physical and mental health. For 34 years, I have been an interior designer/art dealer. Being creative here is like your being creative in California: wonderful. C.R./Dallas

Re: "CRITICISM, INSULTS, BEEFS" - FORUM, Issue 53. I'd like to see what C.P./Ft. Lauderdale looks like. He says, "The majority of models in your magazine are awful looking . . . but there's that 10% I really like." The man obviously has some serious emotional problems, not to mention the brain of an ostrich. Why do you publish such negative letters? Surely C.P. is in a tiny minority and only wants to get published. D.B./ Pompano Beach

Granted, most correspondence we receive is very supportive and positive, but the negative comments must be addressed. Sometimes it's constructive and we listen carefully. Even if it isn't, we still have a responsibility to address it and sometimes correct misconceptions. Often times, what is at issue is self-esteem. Those without it often lash out and become their worst enemies. Reading one's negativity in a national magazine can sometimes have a sobering and enlightening effect. We want to reach these men and try to help them see this. PHC

I have to agree with J.L./Oregon (FORUM, Issue 52). I don't care for the photos of younger guys and the overly large

penises in the drawings. Both are a turn-off for me. How about fantasy art with people like *[the writer names a bunch of celebrities]*? Just a little constructive criticism. M.O./South Carolina

Constructive criticism is great, provided it's based on sound knowledge. Readers should take heed:

1. We do not dictate what our artists create. If they want to draw big dicks, so be it. The majority of our readers love the artwork.

2. To do "fantasy art" at the expense of celebrities is asking for trouble. If you want a nude drawing of someone resembling Norman Schwarzkopf or Wilford Brimley, commission one of our fine artists to draw you one (if you can find one who will). Don't look for it here, however.

3. Younger men who seek mature men constitute a huge chunk of our audience (and their older admirers couldn't be happier). Their photographs will continue to be featured in CR

Nudity, okay. Lewdity, no. Too many of the photos and drawings are gross and self-indulgent. How about some more interest in older but slender? R.A./Minneapolis

Interesting coinage, wrong magazine. We are a soft-core erotic magazine whose photos and drawings indulge an impressively large and receptive audience. Slender? What are MOUNTAIN BILL, MR. MIDWEST, BUNK, SAGITTARIUS, PHOENIX and SCOTT (all in Issue #53)? Slugs? PHC

I just read my first issue of CR in a book store here in Manhattan. Except for a couple of shots, I was amazed at the amateurishness of your photography. You guys aren't consistent at all! You'd better hire better photographers on a par with BEAR, DADDY and BULK MALE. M.K./Brooklyn Heights

We don't "hire" photographers. Photos are submitted by our subscribers. Although we strive to exhibit a polished-looking publication that will compete on the book shelves, CR is not just another magazine. Among other things, we are a network that successfully brings men together while nurturing, entertaining and educating in the process. As such, we utilize both professional and good quality amateur materials. Our diversity of quality need not be pointed out to us. Quality control for photography is relaxed so as to allow all our readers to contribute toward the finished product. The subjects in our photography are not models in the traditional sense. They are human beings reaching out and probably should be called something else. Any suggestions, readers? PHC

I've been a subscriber since 1987 and have watched you grow and mature. I've shared your frustrations and rejoiced with you during your strides. But all along, I've remained silent because others said so much more eloquently what I wanted to say. I speak up now because of the tenor of the criticism that you so boldly print. Since you won't defend yourself against the rather dubious "issues" raised by certain readers in the more recent FORUMs, I will do it for you. Anyone who reads gay news periodicals can see that most of them are a variation on the same theme. There are no centrist positions, no middle ground. It's all "us" against "them." The same holds true for gay entertainment magazines, the only variation being which fetish is targeted (leather, beards, smegma, foreskin, body altering, feet, balls, etc.). The "us" and "them" attitude is equally pronounced. But how many entertainment magazine address such issues as the profound complexities of sexual diversity, relationships, health (other than AIDS) and tolerance? How many proudly present photos of average-looking men, warts and all? CR can't be classified as either "gay" or "magazine," and it certainly can't be criticized using the same criteria. It amazes me that mature, reasonably intelligent men can't grasp that concept. To me, CR is a miracle that is way ahead of its time. It is a pity, however, that you do not have enough paying readers to reward your efforts. I know publishing. I know your press run; I know how much you "take home." I also know a CR subscriber who has a waiting list of 30 or so men who read his copies. Another boasts that he uses his copy to seduce married doorbell trade—perhaps 18-20 per issue. Sadly, I know a sizeable group of men who take up a collection to subscribe as one. I pray that your efforts are somehow rewarded in spite of this—at least to the extent that you will endure and continue. O.F./Chicago

We will continue as long as we are both physically and mentally able and can pay our expenses. But we don't have a protégé in the wings to take over when we do have to step down. We are optimistic about the future, though. We now have a great distributor and have recently received some good national press. We have one of the largest potential audiences of any alternative magazine and are about one or two lucky breaks from making it big enough to afford some understudies. PHC

I know you don't lack for input from your readers, but I'd like to insert my 2-cents worth . . . again. Print what you like and don't worry. Your taste launched you. Your taste will keep you going. I look forward to meeting you in Orlando. Best to you both. R.H./Florida

PERSEVERANCE

It is with absolute delight that I offer you my thanks for your perseverance in fulfilling my request for copies of your magazine. On my way to the airport enroute to Sydney on business last week, I checked my mailbox and therein were all three editions, waiting safely. It was all I could do to refrain from opening them on the plane, but once safely ensconced in my Sydney hotel room, I was soon engrossed in your efforts. I was immediately impressed, both with the publication and also the sincerity which was contained in the letters from your readers. I can only say it is a credit to all involved. Needless to say, my annual subscription will be following shortly, together with a note for THE DRAGON, whose photo "blew me away," as we say down here, and of whom I'd love to see more! Once again, many thanks for providing a breath of fresh air into a world which seems dominated by the young, macho American video/magazine scene. I will be forever in your dept. Anonymous from New Zealand.

We thought it was NZ customs, but it turned out to be a postal glitch. So take heed, other readers from NZ. The confiscating appears to be over now. You can subscribe. Now, if only Japanese customs would lighten up. PHC

B R I E F S by P.H. Colley

THE CR GATHERING 1993

The kindness of some of our subscribers is phenomenal. We have received a limited number of gift registrations from some of our more generous supporters, so we are going to try to find free house guest lodging in the Orlando area for those regional CR subscribers (paid for or gift subscriptions) who want to attend and can afford to drive to Orlando but can't afford registration and lodging. (Sorry, limited to financially challenged subscribers who live in the region.)

For those who qualify, please sign and send in a registration application with the notation: "I request a gift registration and lodging in a fellow subscriber's home." We can't promise anything, but we'll certainly try to accommodate you.

For those who live in the area, plan to attend the Gathering, and would like to put up one or two CR guys in your home, please get in touch with us. We'll put you in touch with your house guest (s) in enough time for you to get to know them.

For those who can afford to be benevolent, more gift registration fees would be greatly appreciated, too. If we can't match it up with a recipient, we will refund the fee back to the giver. Of course, as in the gift subscription program, benefactors' identities will be protected. Recipients will be required to write a thank-you note to be forwarded by us.

A few clarifications on the Gathering in general:

There is obviously some confusion regarding registration instructions outlined in Issue #53. Please note that:

1. The registration fee per person is $55.00. For a couple it is $110.00.
2. Each registrant must sign the release at the bottom of the form. We prefer that couples send in two separate forms, but two signatures on one form is acceptable.
3. The $55.00 does not included the cost of your hotel room.

MORE CLARIFICATIONS

A bit of explanation for those of you who are perplexed about the numbering of our issues. Please be advised that, prior to the naming of our special issues, *CR CLASSICS*, we included the specials and regular CR issues in the same numbering sequence. That has all changed now. Maybe the following will help:

CR ISSUE	ON SALE DATE
53	12-1-92
54	2-1-93
55	4-1-93
56	6-1-93
57	8-1-93
58	10-1-93
59	12-1-93

CR CLASSICS ISSUE	ON SALE DATE
FALL/WINTER 92/93	11-15-92
SPRING/SUMMER 93	5-15-93
FALL/WINTER 93/94	11-15-93

. . . and so on.

SENIOR PROJECT IN SWEDEN

Five years ago, a 70-year-old Swede with the pet name "Nisse" (it means Santa Claus) founded a senior project in his home in Stockholm. Wanting to care for elderly homosexuals' interests in different ways, he created two groups: "Golden Ladies" for women and "Senior-groupe" for men. The male group, numbering between 25-30 men, meet for coffee once a week and have a very nice time together. They also take excursions and longer trips, have a film/music club, and publish a small paper called *Gay-Senioren*. They'd love to have penfriends and would enjoy meeting visitors to Stockholm. Write to: NISSE - Seniorproject, P.O. Box 45090 - RFSL, S 104 30 Stockholm, SWEDEN.

GROUP IN ENGLAND INSPIRED BY CR

PHOENIX, "for those who prefer mature men," is a group founded in September 1990 by one of our subscribers. Membership is now over 450 and the ages range between 24 and 80. Membership is not limited to the U.K. They publish a quarterly newsletter with regular personal ads and sponsor various social events. They're also caregivers for elderly gay men. PHOENIX's founder says, "It seemed to me that in the U.K. many mature men were often discarded and rejected, merely because of age, with no consideration given to personality, qualities, experience of life or in general what they have to offer. In some small way, I wanted to rectify this situation and with that purpose in mind, I founded PHOENIX. I was inspired by your magazine and by the considerate, compassionate and encouraging approach which you adopt to mature men and their admirers." Contact PHOENIX at P.O. Box 103, Wallington, Surrey SM6 9SJ, ENGLAND.

A CORRECTION

The photo of BUTCH on page 55 of CR #53 was taken by MICHAEL, not JOEL. Our apology to MICHAEL.

YOUR MAILING LABEL CODE

For those new subscribers, we again explain our mailing labels. Let's say your label reads:

8/93 S V (C)

--The "8/93" means that your subscription will expire in August, 1993, with issue #57.

--The "S" means that you are scheduled to receive the appropriate CR CLASSICS Issues.

--The "V" means that you are a VIP to us—that you've either been with us a long time or have done something noble in our eyes. You will be rewarded in subtle ways we cannot elaborate on here.

--The "(C)" means that you have a credit due. If you do not apply it against a purchase, we will extend your subscription accordingly before it expires.

--If there is an "*" instead of a "(C)", then you owe us money and your last issue will be held pending rectification.

--All other notations should be ignored.

COACH BIGGS

by QUETZAL

WENT DOWN TO THE "Y" FOR A SWIM LAST NIGHT... THIS GUY KEPT GIVIN' ME THE EYE, IN THE SHOWER!
JEEZ!
I TELL YA, BIGGS, IT WAS WEIRD! I WAS SO HORNY, I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER T'DECK TH' JERK, OR LET HIM BLOW ME! WHAT A MESS.
WHAT'D YA DO?
WELL, I TOLD THE PUNK, "BLOW ME GOOD ENOUGH... & I WON'T DECK YA!"
YEAH?
YEAH! THEN TH' GUY STARTED BEGGIN' T' BE DECKED, SO MY HARD-ON FIZZLED UP— & PRESTO! NO MORE MESS!
JEEZ, DICK! I GUESS IT TAKES ALL KINDS!
©QUETZAL 1992

QUETZAL, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover (and previous CR model) in West Hollywood. A cofounder of CR, he's one of our most prolific contributors.

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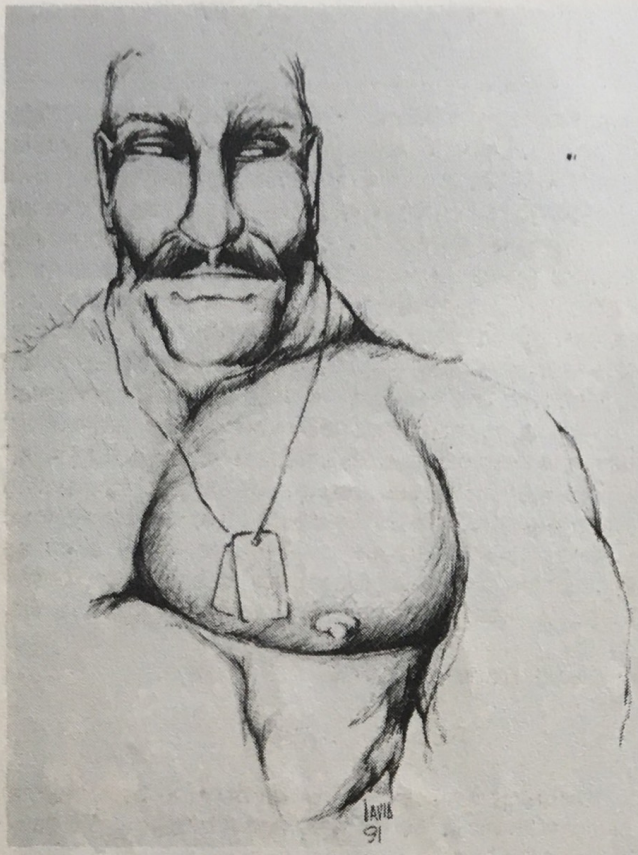
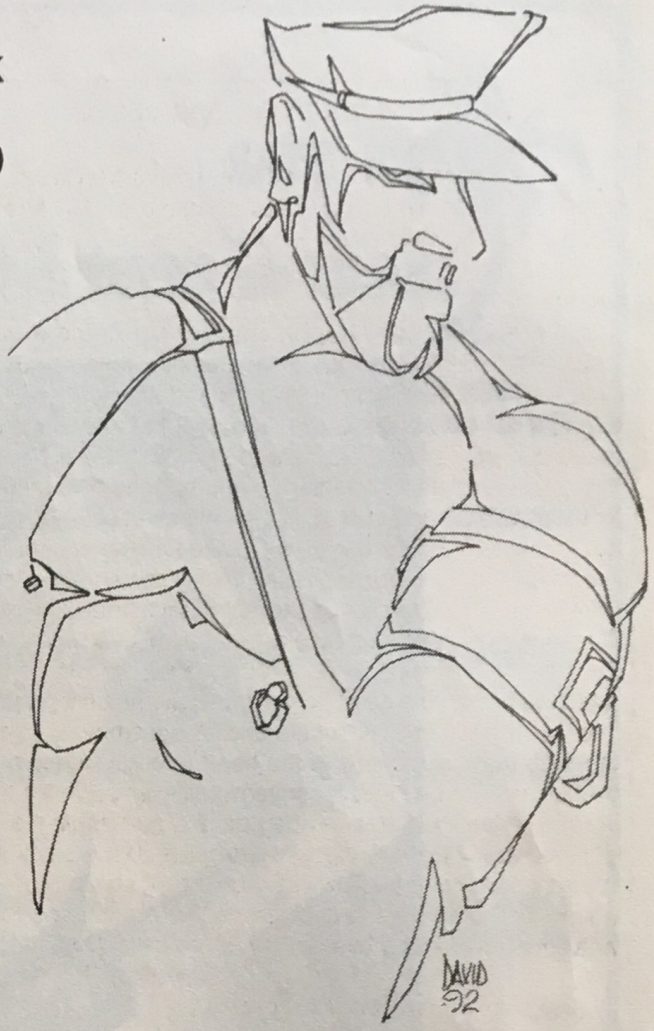
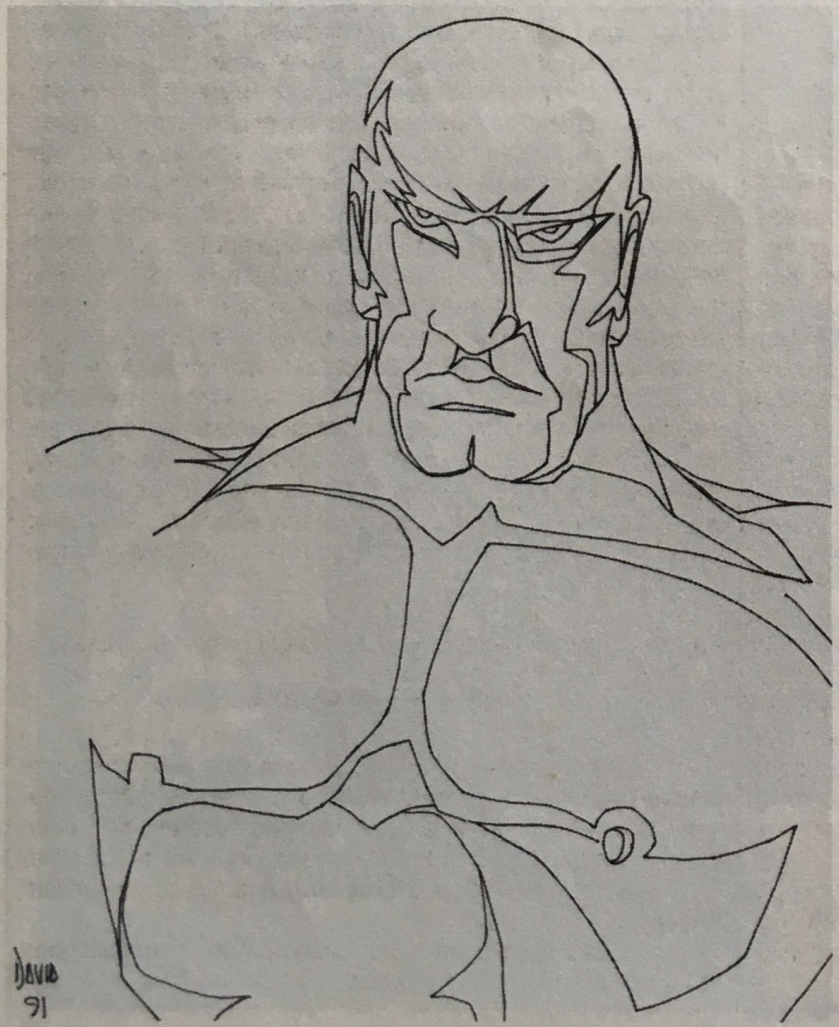
LONE STAR

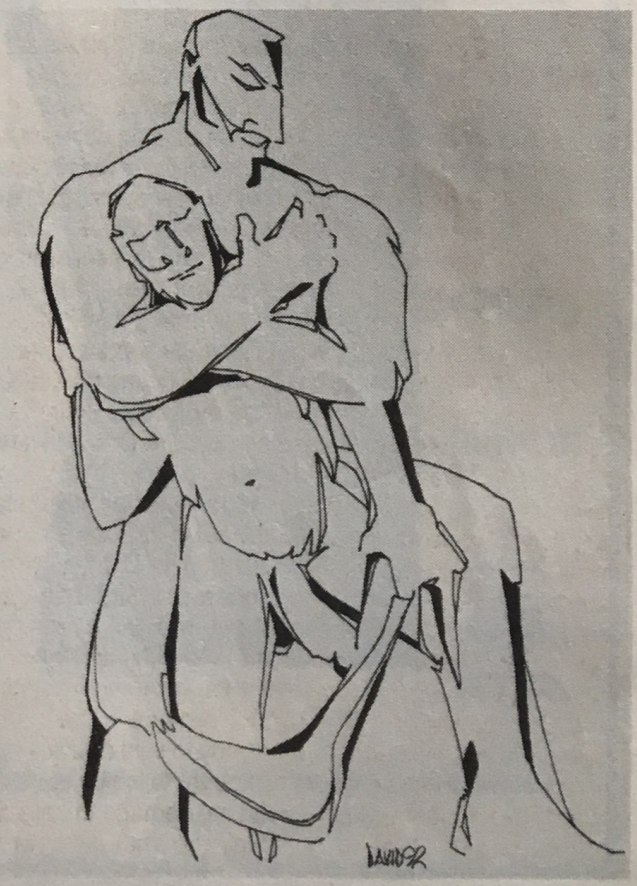
PHOTO BY A FRIEND

THE ARTWORK OF DAVID









DAVID is a single 36-year-old Houstonian. He finds mature men interesting, and may soon give up his career to do artwork full time.

HEARTS STARVING FOR BLOOD

A recent study shows that smoker's hearts are starved for blood during times of stress because of damage to tiny blood vessels, called arterioles. And since the condition does not show up on conventional heart tests, smokers could be wrongly told they are healthy when in fact they are at increased risk of a heart attack. Dr. Robert L. Minor of the Iowa Heart Institute in Des Moines says that a combination of smoking and stress pushes the already elevated heart attack risk of smokers even higher. He and his colleagues at the University of Iowa found that life-saving blood flow to smokers' hearts through the tiny arterioles falls well below the flow to nonsmokers' hearts at times of stress. The condition persists even when a smoker is not smoking and gets worse when the smoker lights up, Minor reported at the American Heart Association's annual scientific meeting in New Orleans recently. "Smoking may lead to severe limitations of blood supplied to the heart—particularly during exercise or emotional stress—and makes it easier for a heart attack to occur," he said. Minor threaded an ultrasound probe into the arteries of 31 smokers and 28 nonsmokers to estimate the amount of blood flow to the heart through arterioles, which are too small to be seen in conventional exams. When the heart is stressed, arterioles can open up and quadruple the amount of blood they normally carry to the heart. But the flow through smokers' arterioles is 30% less than that of nonsmokers. When a smoker lights up a single cigarette, the blood flow through the arterioles decreases by another 20 percent, Minor said.

Source: American Heart Association

THE DANGERS OF FREE RADICALS

It is thought that the basis for many diseases and even the aging process is a group of highly reactive compounds called free radicals or oxidants. They attack our cell membranes, nucleic acids within the genetic code of each cell, proteins, and that part of our cells which converts basic food components into energy. Each attack generates a new free radical, thus extending the damage of even a small number of these reactive compounds. Free radicals are found in air pollution, tobacco smoke, herbicides, certain foods, and are produced during normal metabolic processes and by many medications, especially cancer-fighting drugs. Fortunately, the body has an anti-free radical system composed of vitamins and minerals such as vitamins C and E, beta carotene, copper, selenium and manganese. These antioxidants intercede, deactivate, and render free radicals harmless before they damage the body's cells. Living in urban areas and/or eating a diet high in vegetable oils and low in antioxidant nutrients, however, can expose one's body to free radicals and limit the body's ability to prevent the infection, disease, and aging processes. Studies suggest that we can reverse the ill-effects of free radicals by maintaining a diet rich in the above minerals and vitamins, and by consuming antioxidant nutrients in the form of supplements. Both copper and manganese are essential for protecting the cell's power house centers, thus enabling the body to fight disease. Although poorly understood, selenium is thought to inhibit the initiation of cancer by interfering with free radical damage to cells and their genetic codes. It also stimulates the immune system, thus enhancing the body's natural defense against disease. Selenium is also thought to reduce the risk of cardiovascular disease and arthritis. Beta carotene has already been shown to aid the body's defenses against various forms of cancer. Vitamin E decreases the risk that cancerous cells will form, and also combats the growth of preexisting tumors. Vitamin C protects the body from free radicals that cause lung and eye damage, destroy red blood cells, alter the genetic code of cells, and are associated with the initiation of heart disease and cancer. Vitamin E and selenium work as a team to strengthen and maintain a healthy immune system. The antioxidant nutrients might even be the body's natural "fountains of youth," maintaining healthy tissues throughout life and preventing premature aging and disease. Be advised that selenium is toxic if consumed in large amounts. Organic forms such as selenomethionine and selenocystine are less toxic and possibly more potent than selenium salts, such as sodium selenite.

Source: Health Media of America

BEDTIME INSULIN

"Diabetics who take insulin at bedtime have normal blood glucose levels in the morning and throughout the day," says Dr. John P. Comstock, associate chief of staff for ambulatory care and associate professor of medicine at Baylor University College of Medicine. "The normal level, along with proper diet and exercise, may prevent eye, kidney or vascular disease commonly associated with diabetes." The liver produces large amounts of glucose at night that elevates morning blood sugar or fasting blood sugar, Comstock explains. By taking insulin at bedtime, patients tolerate larger doses and awaken with a normal fasting blood sugar level. Comstock said that patients who took insulin in the morning frequently had abnormal and unstable fasting blood sugar levels and higher levels throughout the day. "Bedtime insulin lessens the possibility of daily reactions causing rapid heartbeat, tremors and confusion that usually appear after the insulin has reached its peak effectiveness." Comstock studied 20 patients with Type II, or adult onset, diabetes. Patients received insulin at bedtime or in the morning for four months. The regimen was then switched for an additional four months, confirming the findings. If you are an insulin-dependent diabetic, see your doctor about taking insulin at bedtime. Diabetes is the second leading cause of death among the nation's older population and is the leading cause of blindness and vision impairment in people younger than 65.

Source: Veterans Affairs Medical Center, Houston, Texas

SELF-INDUCED CPR

[We reported on this very interesting subject several issues back, but we doubt that many readers took it that seriously. We bring the subject up again because, like sleep apnea, it is beginning to be taken seriously. We predict that much will be written about the procedure in the not too distant future.]

Have you ever fainted? Scary, isn't it? The room goes around and suddenly you find yourself on the floor. If you're

older, you could end up with a broken hip or worse. There are various reasons for losing consciousness, the most serious of which is due to a disorder of heart rhythm known as ventricular fibrillation (the muscles of the ventricles, which are the two lower chambers of the heart, twitch without coordination and without effective pumping). If the heart doesn't start beating normally on its own, one can suffer cardiac arrest. If this happens in the company of someone who knows CPR, the victim have a chance of surviving, but if it happens while alone, the outlook is bleak. Or it was until recently, when cardiologists started taking seriously a procedure called "Self-induced CPR." Doctors found that simple continuous coughing causes the lungs to act as CPR "hands," squeezing blood into and out of the heart. This also raises blood pressure, too, and prevents the loss of consciousness. There have been documented cases where arrhythmia patients have sensed a fluttering sensation in their chest, followed by the diminishing of consciousness, and commenced coughing until they could dial 911 and await a life support system. Dr. Bruce Henzel, with KNBC TV in Los Angeles, says that this almost absurdly simple procedure has been credited with saving the lives of several heart patients. He stated that, although coughing won't aid a heart attack victim by unclogging the offending artery, it won't do any harm and could save the victim's life in case of ventricular fibrillation. Common sense should tell all of us, therefore, that, as we get older, we should get into a habit of forced coughing whenever we feel a cluster of irregular heartbeats, dizziness or the sensation of fainting. It just might keep you conscious long enough to save your own life.

Source: Dr. Bruce Henzel, KNBC, Los Angeles

VITREOUS FLOATERS

Do you see tiny dots, circles, lines, clouds or cobwebs in your field of vision when you look at a blank wall or any other light surface? These visual phenomena are called "floaters" and they've been around for centuries. The ancient Romans called them *muscae volitantes* (flying flies), since they can sometimes appear like small flies moving around in the air. Floaters are tiny clumps of gel or cellular debris within the vitreous humor, the clear jelly-like fluid that fills the inside cavity of the eye. This debris floats around in the vitreous humor and cast their shadows on the retina (the light-sensing inner layer of the eye). Floaters can be caused by vitreous gel degeneration in middle age. It also occurs frequently in nearsighted people or in those who have undergone cataract operations or laser surgery. Occasionally, floaters result from inflammation within the eye or from crystal-like deposits which form in the gel. The appearance of floaters may be alarming, especially if they develop suddenly. They can also be accompanied by the illusion of flashing lights or lightning streaks, which are caused by the gell pulling on the retina. Neither phenomena is anything to be worried about since both result from the normal aging process, but there are instances when complications can result. The retina can tear when degenerating gell pulls way, and such can cause a small amount of bleeding in the eye which may appear as a group of new floaters. A torn retina can be serious if it develops into a retinal detachment. Any sudden onset of many new floaters or flashes of light should be promptly evaluated by your ophthalmologist.

Source: American Academy of Ophthalmology

THE POETRY OF SEAN BAILEY

CLANDESTINE LOVER

I stopped again to see him late last night.
"Hello," he smiled in answer to my knock,
His dark eyes taking stock of me.
"Come in. Welcome. Long time. Take your coat?"
And then he turned to crush me in his arms.
He bent and eager lips sought mine,
Then backed away to look and smile again.
"It's good to see you, feel you close once more."
I don't know; were those his words or mine?

"Shall we go out?" he asked. "There's nothing here."
He lied, of course. "There's you," I said.
The grin was more than worth my little art.
"I don't have any wood to make a fire."
"Oh, I don't mind. There's other fire to build."
He flashed another grin and pulled me close.
"I missed you." The words were mine or his.
Strong hands explored the firmness of my back,
The muscles of his waist and thighs.

My moustache brushed the tender hollow of his neck;
I raised my chin to meet his melting eyes.
"Shall we?" he asked, fingers interlacing mine.
A stray sock, ties askew on the rack—his room—
The pillow hollowed where his head had lain.
Standing close, a finger traced my beard-line
And dropped to chest hairs, fumbling with buttons,
His and mine. Shirts slipped from broad shoulders,
My lips following his along the arm as it fell.

Then scooping lower to the smooth, tight pecs,
I taste the coppery buttons of his chest,
Resisting—strong and firm and cool—
and tongue-fluttered slowly, wetly lower still
To probe that shallow cavity with little thrusts
Of tease and promise, dark curly hairs along my nose.
His fragrance met me, good and rich and clean,
As I knelt there to take him into me,
Velvet and warm oak against my tongue.

I felt it more than heard the gentle moan.
Breathing in little whiffs of air and sighs,
He shuddered softly. Then strong arms lifted me,
And with a growl, fell backward to the blankets,
Pulling me all intertwined with him
To make the room evaporate, dissolve away.
Afterwards, when pulses had begun to calm
And first day-birds recognized dawn's pearl-grey,
We whispered our good-nights again.

SEAN, 50, 5'-10", 185#, HIV+, is a Midwest educator seeking a lover, 30-60. He prefers romantic, intelligent, in-shape men.

GUIDE TO SILVER FOX HUNTING: MARDI GRAS SPECIAL - NEW ORLEANS AND SYDNEY By Tom Silverchase

NEW ORLEANS

New Orleans embodies the very lust of the South. Swinging dicks from Tulsa to Tuscaloosa go there to sew wild oats, making the pickings for men, young and old, darned good. Mardi Gras or not.

Just as New Orleans' upper crust can be grand, even snotty, the folks crawling the streets can be outrageous, even trashy. During Mardi Gras, New Orleans is at its grandest and trashiest. By sheer numbers, it's also when the silver fox hunting is the best.

If you haven't been to Mardi Gras, go. Let down your hair. Put on a skirt. Whatever turns you on. It's hard to surprise anyone in New Orleans. It's legal to carry a drink while walking down the street.

During Mardi Gras, don't be surprised if a reveler yells from a second-story balcony: "Show your dick!" Don't do it for less than a strand of black beads, if your schlong can back the bartering. Locals hold black beads in the highest esteem among bead colors. They won't throw until you show. Presentation carries as much weight as size.

Don't be surprised if the next thing you know you're on a balcony with a drink in one hand, beads in the other, yelling, "Show your dick!" It's voyeur/exhibitionism: V & E at its finest. It's fun. It's safe. It's the 90s. Too bad they don't do it all year, in every city.

Most older guys aren't used to being yelled at to show their dicks. Balcony urchins tend to prefer young ones. Be persistent. Yell: "Hey you with the grey hair! Yeah, you! Show your dick!" Major meat might well flop from a fly. That's worth a strand of beads.

Dangle your beads from the balcony at Good Friends Bar. That's New Orleans' Silver Fox Central, upstairs and down. Numerous CR models have been spotted there.

The Rawhide can be pretty steamy as well, especially for those into leather daddies or slightly rougher trade. Late, the place can get very crowded, with many succumbing to the urge to grope.

For purposes of silver fox hunting, there's little reason to leave the French Quarter. Walk Bourbon Street and you'll come to Lafitte's and a few blocks later, the Bourbon Pub, or vice versa. You never know who'll wander off Bourbon Street into either of these bars. Good Friends and the Rawhide are within a few blocks. Run the traps.

New Orleans is almost more fun when it's not Mardi Gras. Don't go during the heat and humidity of the summer. Fall is nice. The silver fox hunting is good all year.

Don't overlook the smattering of gay bars on Decatur Street, which runs parallel to Bourbon, three blocks closer to the river. Any bar will have fliers, advertising shows and specials. Straight bars or jazz clubs can be fun for what they are, especially if you're with fun straight people. But plenty of older guys who definitely are gay can be found at the gay bars. Unless you get immediate signals, don't waste your time cruising some older guy who's probably straight.

Here are a few words of caution: Be street wise in New Orleans, especially late at night. It's a big city. Stay on busy streets. People get mugged. At the same time, avoid confrontation with the police. If you get to the point where they even notice you, you're probably in big trouble. They can make the LAPD look congenial.

Also, keep in mind that while at times the French Quarter may seem to be one huge homosexual playground, much of the city can be jammed with hurricane-guzzling heterosexuals who don't necessarily take kindly to gays. There's no cause for alarm. Just don't forget you're in the South, where more so than most places, not everybody has fully embraced the concept of human rights. So much for caution.

Here are a few suggestions on where to get great food, and likely see some of New Orleans' grand poobahs, the hot silver socialite foxes, albeit probably with their wives. Prepare to spend $30 to $50 per person:

+ Go to Gautreau's Restaurant in the Garden District. You won't feel over-dressed in a dark suit. In the winter, you might see big gems and furs. The women dress well, too. Just kidding. The place is very straight. The decor is that of a men's club. The waiters are cute, older men. The food and service are excellent.

+ You have to try Galatoire's in the French Quarter. It's a classic French restaurant with a stark 1890s decor, and ageless male waiters in black ties. Galatoire's accepts neither reservations nor credit cards. It opens at 11:30 a.m., and people in ties and dresses start lining up out front at about 11:00 a.m. By noon there's a wait.

+ The G & E Courtyard Grill is another excellent restaurant in New Orleans, but in contrast to Gautreau's or Galatoire's, has a light, Cajun/California cuisine. Lots of fish and pasta. If they're on the menu, have the oysters Rockefeller soup, and then the veal smothered in crab meat and dill hollandaise sauce. Orgasmic. The help tends to be young, but silver foxes have been spotted there. Put it this way: The crowd isn't young and touristy like many restaurants in New Orleans.

BARS:	Good Friends Bar 740 Dauphine
	The Rawhide 740 Burgundy
RESTAURANTS:	Gautreau's 1728 Soniat St.
	Galatoire's 210 Bourbon St.
	G & E Courtyard Grill 1113 Decatur St.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

If you meet an older man in Sydney, it'll probably be on the street or in the bushes.

There are gorgeous older men everywhere you look. Meeting them, however, in a gay-friendly situation is another story. Thanks to an influx of tourists, the situation improves when Sydney celebrates Mardi Gras.

Otherwise, the channels for CR-type interaction in

Sydney seem under-developed. For now, silver fox hunting in Sydney is more challenging than in most other world-class cities.

Over the last decade or so, Mardi Gras in Sydney has mushroomed into a major party, raved about by gays around the globe. But unlike Mardi Gras elsewhere, Sydney's Mardi Gras is primarily gay, not associated with religious ritual. Basically, the locals throw fabulous parties for several days sometime in February, and the whole thing reaches a crescendo at a mob scene on Oxford Street. In September, a similar party called the "Sleaze Ball" is thrown to raise money for Mardi Gras. Like Provincetown, Massachusetts on the fourth of July, the big parties in Sydney are fun, but the crowd is mostly young guys who like each other.

Dream on about a nice piano bar in Sydney with an older clientele. The Midnight Shift, a video bar on Oxford Street, is about the only bar worth mentioning, though it can hardly be called a bevy of silver foxes. All-in-all for the silver fox hunter, Oxford Street is a bore.

Nude beaches are the best bets for finding hot, older men in Sydney. About the easiest nude beach to find is known by the locals as "Lady Jane." From Darlinghurst—the suburb containing the gay section of Oxford Street—Lady Jane is about an $8 cab ride. Tell the cab to go to Watsons Bay. Go past the famous Doyle's restaurant and follow the signs to "Camp Cove." Stop where there's a small beach and a parking area. It's not a problem getting a cab when you want to leave. Just walk toward Doyle's.

Anyway, to get to the beach, go up the stairs on the right past the public restroom, and follow the trail half a mile or so around to "Lady Bay Beach." The biggest crowds, like on any beach, are on nice weekend days during the summer.

On a Saturday in October (early spring), Lady Jane was heaven. There were dozens of gorgeous older men, grey hair blowing, and dicks flopping in the crisp Australian breeze. Wow! Older men definitely outnumber the younger ones. A guy in a boat comes around every few hours selling ice cream and sodas. Keep walking on the trail past Lady Jane and pretty soon the nooks and crannies get cruisy.

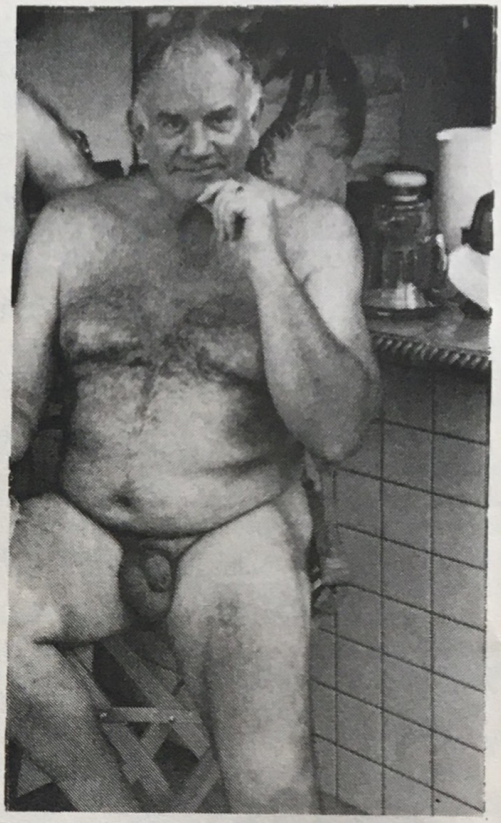
There are more than a dozen nude beaches in and around Sydney, including Reef Beach, Werrong Beach and Obelisk Beach. Consult locals, or a nude beach directory.

During the day, the best cruising--or at least silver fox watching--can be found at Darling Harbour. Go there anyway to shop and see the Maritime Museum. Have lunch at Jordan's. Downtown, walk the Pitt Street Mall. Shop David Jones.

BAR:	Midnight Shift 85 Oxford St. 360-4319
NUDE BEACH:	Lady Jane Watsons Bay
RESTAURANT:	Jordon's Darling Harbour

TOM SILVERCHASE, 30, is a journalist living in Los Angeles with his senior mate. He welcomes comments and any additional information readers may have on places to find Silver Foxes. Write him as you would an advertiser with a codeword.

"The perfect Hideaway for Lovers! Just the right Getaway for Singles!"



Popular CR model, Zipper, enjoys a relaxing moment at the breakfast bar by the pool at this friendly desert resort!

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FICTION BY K.R.B.

A JUNE-NOVEMBER STORY

Spring in the Carolinas can be wondrously sweet. At the end of March, I decided to hasten the last days of winter by going to the North Carolina shore for a week of solitude at Atlantic Beach. Nothing much goes on there while the public schools are in session, except for the weekenders who come to fish—they're always there no matter how terrible the weather. I'm not a fishing nut—just a beach bum who never feels so totally whole and capable of serious woolgathering as when I can hear the surf pound, the gulls scream, and the wind whistle shrilly through the hollow winter-wracked stems of sea oats.

I arrived at my cottage at dusk. I'd shopped for some supplies at the local grocery store and had dined on my usual sea food platter at Captain Bill's Waterfront Restaurant, so it was almost nine o'clock before I finished unloading. By nine-thirty, I was walleyed from drinking a double Scotch whiskey, which when consumed with a strong dose of fresh sea air, is enough to knock out King Kong, much less a small man of 73 years.

In the morning, refreshed, all five-feet, seven inches of me was striding purposefully along the beach, breathing deeply, thinking noble thoughts, and making wise decisions, none of which I now remember. Returning to the cabin after my morning exercise, I enjoyed a late breakfast, and with classical music on the CD setting the mood for creative work, I typed and rewrote on my portable computer until noon. With three hours of progress to show for my efforts, I let the sun entice me into a session of snoozing on the beach to soak up its rays. I pulled on scanty briefs with a cobra skin pattern, stepped into a khaki jump suit and drove to Fort Macon Park. The dunes are high there and shelter from the sharp, March winds blowing in from the water can be found behind them. The corners of my old army blanket are rigged with tent pegs so it can be staked out to keep the wind from blowing it away. I stripped down and stretched out. The bikini I wore was just barely wide enough to keep me from being run in by the vice squad. The sun was hot and the wind cold—a wonderful combination that feels something like sweet-and-sour pork tastes. I immediately dozed off and drifted back and forth blissfully between being half-asleep and half-awake. Some of the dream-like thoughts were sufficiently lewd to send blood rushing to my crotch. Soon, I had the same problem as the old Palmer House in Chicago: inadequate ball room.

A shadow crossed between my eyes and the sun, bringing me back to consciousness. I beheld a vision of male beauty! A tall, muscular young man, probably in his late twenties or early thirties, was looking down at me with a surprised expression. He had dark auburn hair, cut a little too long to be a brush-cut, but far too short to be of contemporary length. He was naked to the waist and dressed in cut-off jeans. His shoulders were heavily freckled and the rest of his body was only lightly tanned. Coppery golden hair spread wide across his chest and plunged in a narrowing line to his belt buckle, its final destination hidden. He carried a Burger King lunch bag in one hand and the other held a soft drink paper cup.

As he stood in front of me, his eyes kept moving back and forth from my face to my crotch. I realized that my half-hard dick was barely covered and was slanting sideways to where the fabric was less than an inch wide. His glances didn't help matters a bit—my cock just got longer and fatter until a little of the head was peeking out and enjoying the view from the side of my thigh. I didn't quite know what to do. There was no place to tuck it in. If I put my hand down to cover it, I was afraid I'd flash too strong a signal. I didn't want to scare him away.

I sat up with my hands crossed over my lap and said hesitantly, "Have a seat if you like. I see you don't have a towel, and there's plenty of room on the blanket."

Somewhat bashfully, he sat down, saying, "Thanks. I eat my lunch here often and was surprised to find anyone around. The beach is usually empty at noon this time of year. I enjoy it when there're no footprints on the strand and everything looks new."

My mind tumbled helter-skelter trying to think of something to hold the mood or, better still, break the ice and make talk easier and more natural. Instead, I said things that sounded stupid, such as: *the sun is hot for March . . . but the wind is still cold . . . high tide seems to be later today than yesterday . . . I never see surf fishermen catch anything . . .* and the like. To each of these inane remarks, he politely nodded, said yes, avoided looking me in the eye, but kept glancing at my crotch. It was a washout in verbal communication. At the same time it was clear he was trying to reach out to me. I kept trying to find the right words so we could get something going.

But I ran out of openers. We just sat silently, side by side, watching the waves. Sanderlings with twinkling legs ran back and forth, up and down the shore, just a half-jump ahead of incoming waves, pecking furiously for beach hoppers, sand moles and tiny cochina clams.

With no bridge established between us, he finished his lunch and stood up. "Well, thanks. I have to get back to work now. I appreciate you letting me share the blanket." He stood for almost half a minute, looking down at me, then out to sea, then back at me again, clearly inviting me to say something that might hold him there longer. All I could think to say was, "Where do you work?"

"At Frank and Elmo's Texaco in Morehead," he replied, placing the empty drink cup into the bag with the sandwich wrapper.

Then I was at a total loss for anything else to say.

He turned finally, walked to the top of the dune, looked back wistfully, waved, and then he was gone.

That galvanized me, but it was too late. I scrambled up the sand and peered over the dune just in time to see a small, black pickup truck with a wide, red stripe down the side leave the Fort Macon parking lot.

I felt completely empty and depressed. A return to sunbathing did no good—the peace and magic of the moment were gone. I pulled on my overalls and returned to the cottage where I fussed around for over an hour, unable to do anything to make my place feel right. Finally, without any plan for what I'd do when I saw it, I decided to drive the four miles to Morehead to see if I could catch sight of the black truck with a red stripe.

Morehead is about six miles long and four blocks wide. Arundel Street runs down the middle, and if you cruise from one end of the street to the other three times, you'll see everything

on wheels. I drove up and down the street for an hour and a half, at least six round trips, and once down the streets that run parallel to it for good measure. But, nary a sign of a black truck with red stripe, not even at Frank and Elmo's Texaco. In the end, I went back to my digs, really sore at myself for not making it easier for that young man to make the contact he so clearly invited.

"You flubbed it! You flubbed it, you stupid, stupid asshole!" I kept saying, and of course, I was right. I felt as if the hand of a drowning man had been held out to me, and I had let him go down—*blub, blub, blub*—and I could think of nothing better to say than, "High tide is later today than yesterday." *Shit! It's later every day, has been since the beginning of time!*

Over the next four days I went out to the same dune and sunned at noon. No black truck with a red stripe showed up. On Saturday, the next to last day of my week there, I was again out at the usual place at noon and had all but forgotten that it could have been a place for a special rendezvous. I had fallen sound asleep under the soothing caresses of the spring sun and sea breeze.

A shaking of my shoulder awakened me. I looked up and there he was again: red hair, big freckles, broad shoulders—everything I had remembered, only better. *Much* better. My surprise and pleasure at being awakened in such a manner made my heart pound.

"I was watching you," he said, "and I think you're getting a little too much sun, even though you already have some tan." With that, he draped his towel across my shoulders.

"That's mighty thoughtful," I responded. "I appreciate your concern, but don't worry, I hardly ever burn. This light scorching won't amount to anything."

"You've probably forgotten," he went on, "but I'm the guy you let sit on your blanket while I had my lunch earlier in the week. After I left, I felt like such a dope. I didn't give you my name or find out yours."

"I do indeed remember," I declared, as I tried to gather my wits together. "I felt the same as you about not exchanging names."

"My truck broke down on my way into Morehead. Had to be towed to New Bern. I got it back yesterday evening, but I was afraid you'd be gone before I could get out to the beach and see you again."

"Did you have anything special you wanted to ask or see me about?" I asked hopefully.

He seemed a little tongue-tied, but said, "Nothing, really. We didn't talk about much before, but I felt there was some kind of understanding between us . . . . I guess I just wanted to see you again . . . that's all."

A lump arose in my throat. He expressed exactly what I'd felt. I held out my hand and he helped me to my feet.

"I'm ready to go now," I said. "How about coming to my place, and we can listen to music, have some wine and talk as long as you like."

Very simply, he said, "I'd like that."

With joy soaring like a kite, I thought, *See how easy it is to make contact by just being natural? You don't have to compose a sonnet!*

After shaking the sand off my blanket and folding it, we headed back to the parking lot. Standing behind the open door of my car, I stripped out of my bikini and was buck naked for a few seconds before pulling on my jump suit. He watched, staring at my dick and ass as long as they were in view. That was enough to stoke the fires of desire I had for him. Before we got into our separate cars, I told him my name was Ken and asked for his.

"Gil. Gilbert Marshall," he replied, "but everybody calls me 'Red.'"

"Which do you prefer?"

"Makes no never mind to me." He grinned.

Gil followed me in his pickup. As we entered my cottage, somber gloom departed as carefree happiness entered. Just as in *The Wizard of Oz*, black-and-white suddenly went technicolor as we entered a land of enchantment. I put a variety of familiar classics on the CD. We drank wine, ate salted peanuts and soda crackers, and talked—and talked! We'd sat on the couch, which sagged badly in the middle and dumped us closer together. We struggled to sit up straight and stay apart, but soon gave that up and sat touching, facing each other. We talked of friendship and shared interests. But soon we became more personal, constantly moving closer to subjects reflecting feelings men have for men. We talked of male characters we admired, then of the things we liked about each other. Finally, we got to fantasies that made us horny, and we both became hot and excited.

Not wanting to beat around the bush any longer, I asked, "Gil, would you like to touch me? May I touch you?"

He nodded.

I placed my hands on his shoulders and pressed my cheek against his. He trembled as I put my arms around him and kissed him—first on each cheek, then on the lips. Then I forced his lips open so that our tongues touched, setting off fires that ran like string lightening all over our bodies.

I moved his hand to my crotch so it covered my dick. It was standing out hard under the thin fabric of my jump suit. My hand moved to his lap and grasped his cock which was even harder than mine. He tensed at first, then gave a sigh and leaned back a little, thrusting his hips up, inviting me to do as I wished with his rigid flesh. I moved my hand up and down, not holding tightly, but close enough to feel the rim of his cockhead slide by my palm. I suspected, from the ease with which the skin moved, that he was uncut. I soon found I was right.

For a while we explored each other's body while reclined uncomfortably on the couch, so I suggested we go to the comfort of the bedroom. Before we lay down, I moved my hands under Gil's T-shirt and pulled it off over his head. He unzipped my jump suit and pushed it back, exposing my chest and belly. We embraced and experienced the first thrill of our skin pressed together. My lightly burned skin added heat to the wonderful intimacy of our first body contact.

All modesty vanished and we both quickly shed our remaining clothes, giving me my first view of Gil's lower body. My eyes followed the line of copper hair down to his groin, where it spread out again and framed a beautifully shaped, average-size penis. It arched up hard with a thin veil of foreskin still covering half of the crimson helmet, which flared out wide and proud. My cock, almost the same size, framed in its brown and greying hair, was also standing tall, ready to spar. We grasped each other's hot flesh. To hold a throbbing, hard dick is a pleasure in life that few others can surpass. Clasping the shaft of his cock, I pushed the skin down. His naked cockhead was revealed in all its perfection like a spongy, red plum, almost purple around the rim and swelling with each beat of his pulse. We held each other, sliding cock skin up and down, feeling our passions rise.

We embraced again. Our erections were pressed

together between our bellies, and as they slid back and forth, caressing each other, they grew even stronger. Gil began thrusting his hips at me—at first gently, then with increasing urgency. All at once, his body stiffened.

"Ken," he said anxiously, "I can't stop. It feels so good! I'm cumming. I'm cumming!"

He was clinging to me, and I could feel the pulsing throbs of his dick as it poured its hot fluid between us. After his climax ended, he was embarrassed and apologetic. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry I messed you up. I've never had a cum explode so fast in all my life. I couldn't stop! If my life'd depended on it, I couldn't've stopped. But it felt so good . . . so damn good."

I laughed. "It's nothing. Nothing to worry you at all. That's what we're here for, isn't it?"

"But, what about you? You've taken no pleasure from it at all."

With my hands on his chest, I pushed him back a little and said, "Oh, Gil, if you only knew. If you could just understand. When you're as old as I and you help a young man have as powerful an orgasm as you just had, you'll know that giving that kind of pleasure is worth a dozen—no, a hundred or even a thousand—climaxes for yourself. Yours is just for the moment—you're already forgetting—but you've given me pleasure I'll hold for the rest of my life."

I put my arms around him again, and he tucked his head on my neck and shoulder. For that wonderful moment, this big, vulnerable man was a boy to be comforted and reassured in my arms. Without hurry, we continued to stroke and pet. Our hands ranged everywhere. Our lips touched and caressed. My tongue dipped into his navel, which had such a neglected look that it seemed to be crying out for a little attention. I lowered my head to kiss the head of his cock, but he drew back and pushed my head away. Had I unwittingly shocked him?

Thereafter, our body kisses stayed above the belt line, almost chaste, but thrilling in the innocence with which they explored our bodies. I avoided his lower targets that I loved but feared to taste, lest I offend my trusting, inexperienced companion. It brought home to me anew that it's not what two people actually do together; it's how they think of each other that makes sex between them so everlastly wonderful—so erotically thrilling and sparkling fresh.

After a short period of this intense sensuality, I had my orgasm and he had a second. We had said very little, but it was a truly precious moment of sharing.

"Have you ever done this with anyone else before?" I asked him.

He assured me, and I believed him when he said, "You're the first. I've never been with anyone else this way before."

We arose and went to the bathroom, showered and got dressed again. It was almost sundown. From the high veranda, the late afternoon sun's rays came at an angle across the water and created rainbows from the surf and spray. The day had slipped away. All was dusk except for the afterglow still lighting a bank of clouds on the far horizon. I asked Gil, "Can I take you out for dinner?"

He declined, saying, "My mother will be expecting me home any time now."

"Would you like to come back later this evening?"

He declined again. "I have the church basketball team to coach tonight."

"I'm leaving early tomorrow to go back home upstate," I informed him. "Can I see you again next time I come back to Atlantic Beach?"

"I do want to see you again," he said enthusiastically. "I can talk to you . . . you understand everything. You don't make me feel bad about myself. I've never had such a good time with anyone in all my life. Here I'm almost thirty and I've never done anything like this before. I've thought about it a lot, but I never before dared approach anyone or express my feelings and desires . . . . Sometimes, I've thought of moving away to Atlanta or New Orleans, where I'm not known, where I could be myself. Once, I even considered killing myself for shame and hatred of the way I am. I thought of swimming off Cape Lookout so I'd be carried out to sea by the Gulf Stream, but I was afraid." He tried to shake the melancholy from his expression. "So . . . I got religion—not for a need of God . . . but to have a cover. Everyone in Morehead thinks I don't screw girls because I'm 'Holy Joe,' going into religious work, saving myself for the right woman." His expression turned playful. "When I saw you Monday, Goddamn, you looked so hot with your hard-on in those skimpy snake skin briefs. I couldn't take my eyes off your privates. Then I saw you were an older man, and for some reason, that made me want you all the more. I almost grabbed you by the balls and said, 'Make love to me. Show me how to make love to a man.' I knew you were coming on to me and giving me every chance in the world to open up, but I was scared, afraid and certain that if I accepted your invitation, I could never go back to what I was before. I had to think it out and be sure first. I made up my mind in about half an hour. I figured you were from out of town and wouldn't know anyone in Morehead to tell about our being together. You looked kind, and I figured you wouldn't embarrass me if I made a fool of myself, like I did awhile ago when I came all over you . . . . You've made me feel good about myself and that it's okay for me to make out with another man. Oh, yes, indeed. You can bet your ass that I want to see you again. I want it more than you'll ever know." Then, towering above me, he pulled me up and wrapped me in his arms.

When we separated, I said, "I'll write or call and let you know when I'm returning. We'll be together again. But next time, we won't waste a whole week. We'll begin again just where we left off." With that, I kissed him and, unlike before, he returned the kiss, holding back nothing. Again, I could feel a yearning stirring in my loins.

Next morning, as I finished packing my car, Gil roared up in his black truck with the red stripe. He hopped out and said, "Ken, you won't forget to let me know when you come back to Atlantic Beach again, will you?"

"No, Gil, I'll not forget," I said. "I'll never forget."

I suspect that we'll have a relationship that may last for several months, possibly a year or maybe even two. I've no regrets. I'm glad I was here when he needed understanding from an older, experienced man to help him on his way. For in the end, after he gains self-confidence and an understanding acceptance of his own gay nature, it's only reasonable to expect that he'll find and have relationships with other men closer to his own age.

But, then again, maybe not.

K.R.B. is retired, lives alone, likes music, crafts, correspondence, travel, and would enjoy hearing from readers who have enjoyed his stories. Write to him as P.O. Box 428, Carrboro, NC 27510.

Word Search Puzzle

CR MODELS

The names of 28 recent Chiron Rising models are hidden in the grid below. Circle each name as you find it--words may appear forward, backwards, vertically or diagonally. In this puzzle, spaces between model names are omitted.

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G I E U J U O D O R E B A E R H F E

B T K I C A D U M U D P L C N L L K

A I R C S Q X T G M N O P B K J O I

Y R G J A O R E W H G T E I E J W D

A G A P R J O A R O O A A D Z I E P

R O N T A B K H E A R L U I T I N L

E E R L A W R C A B E R D Y N S O M

A I T R H K R S A N N B K B J M L O

T E R W A R M I A B A A A A I G A H

O T I P H Y O I R L T I I L R R Y N

P O C U N G T H N E D U D S A L D R

J O H N M C N E I L L G O N S O B F

I N A N E Y M I E C T H I A I U K E

C U R M U D G E O N U L G B A L R I

O N D N A L E V E L C D R O L E H A

G O Z J N M B A R E K A T U I L B K

WORD LIST

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BAREKAT
BAY AREA TOP
BIG D
BIG PAW
BUD TWO
CAL
CARL
CURMUDGEON
INDIANA HOOSIER
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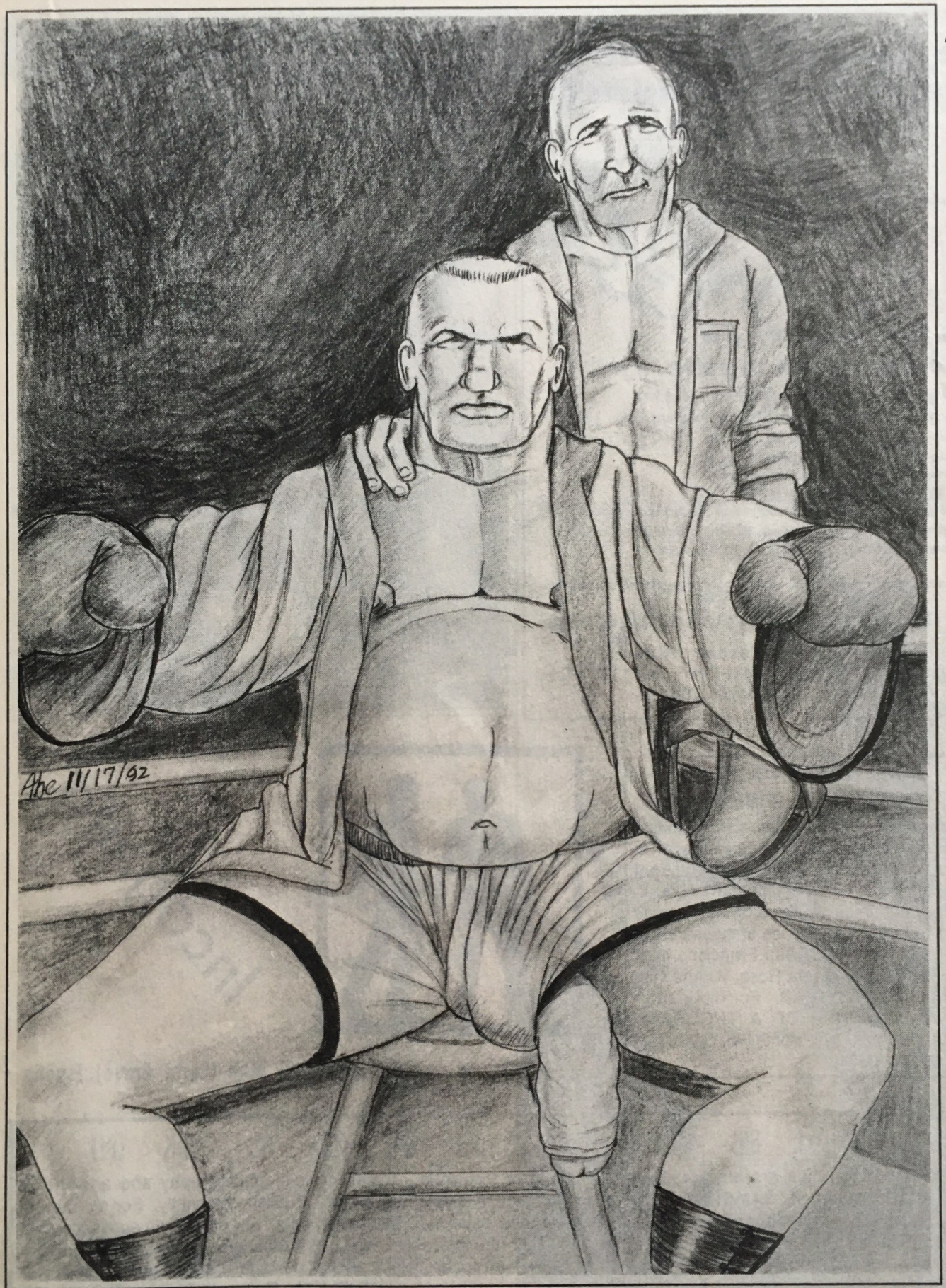
JJ II
JOHN BEAR
JOHN MCNEILL
KARL
KOALA BEAR
LONE WOLF
LORD CLEVELAND
MICHAEL
MOUNTAIN MAN
OUTBACK JACK
RAY T
RICHARD
RUSSIAN BEAR
TOM
TOUGH OLD BIRD
TUCK
ZIPPER

The above puzzle's creator, BEARLOVER, is 34 and is enjoying his eighth year with the 54-year-old love of his life. A composer/arranger who works in arts management, he also dabbles in the theatre.

THE ARTWORK OF

ABE



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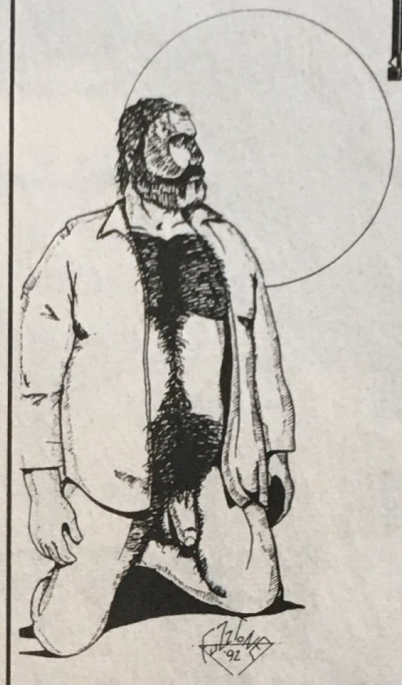

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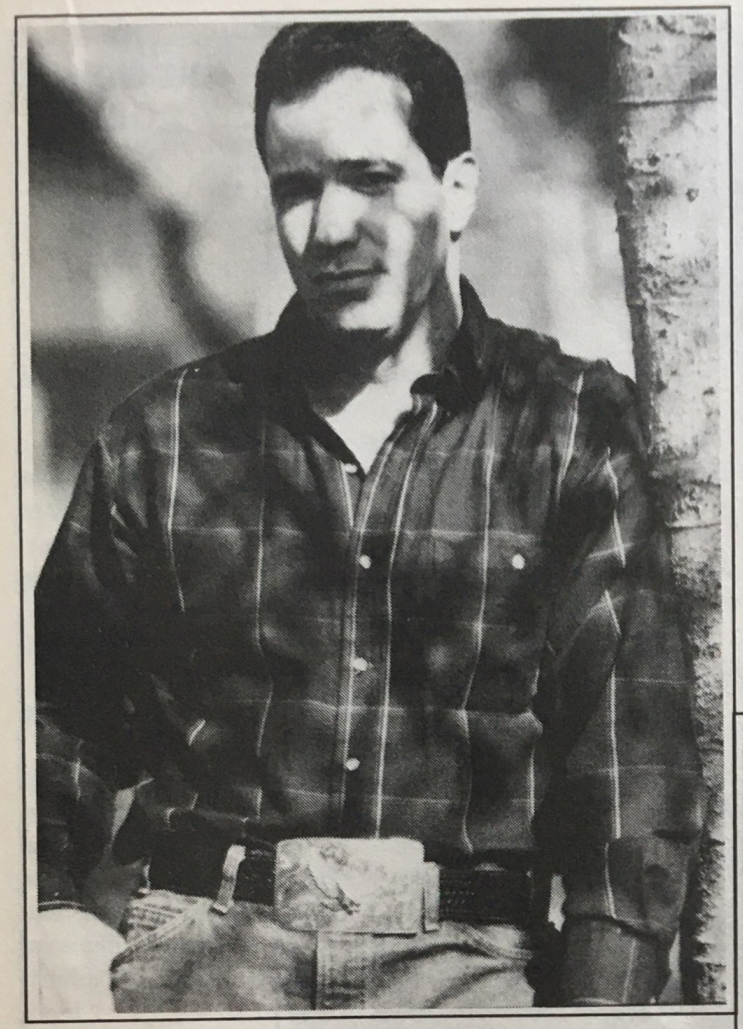

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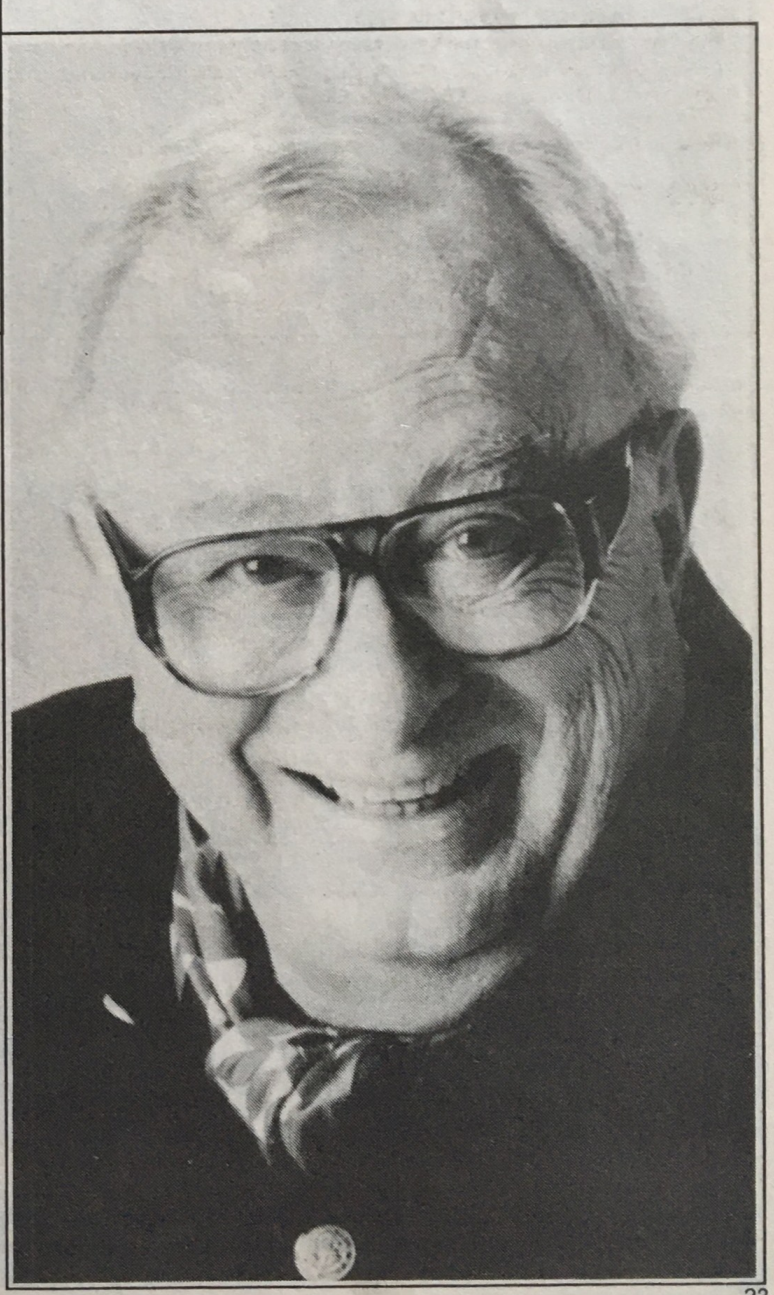


DOUGHBOY

photo by DFW

THE ARTWORK OF

ELF

ELF and his significant other, Pat, live in Hillsboro, Oregon. ELF enjoys drawing larger, more mature men. "As any cattleman will tell you, all beef--even beefcake--is best when properly aged with a bit of extra marbling.

KENN RICHIE

PARTY PLAYTHINGS?

In last autumn's elections, it certainly seemed that virtually all gays and lesbians voted Democratic. In those gay neighborhoods where exit polls were taken, percentages were into the 80s and even the 90s, indicating that gay people voted essentially a donkey party ticket. Even before the Democrats spoke of gay rights positions, while homophobic rhetoric invaded the G.O.P. convention, platform and campaign, the statistics among gays (according to "overlooked opinions") found 62% Democrat, near 20% Independent, and only 13% Republican.

What on earth does sexual preference have to do with political philosophy or ideology?

It's an absurd notion. Gay people are as varied as the population as a whole. That diversity has been one of our great strengths in every rights struggle we've endured. When our attackers cry, "They're all a bunch of cocksuckin' quiche eaters," the general population recognizes the lie. They know that some of us don't care for quiche. Our differences are a strength! So much so, in fact, that "we" can ill-afford being a "them" in any labeling process . . . including political affiliation!

I prefer not to explore the often discussed conditions or sensitivities that might explain why gays could lean toward one philosophy over another. Even if there is validity in those observations (in a statistical sense), such generalizing would only be another form of labeling. We are not all quiche lovers! All I hope to do here is to provoke a thought or two as to *why*, in a two-party political system that seems to work best when balanced nicely; *why*, just as the gay world is nicely balanced, is there such a spectacle of gay people all wanting to sit on the same side of the political see-saw?

The Stonewall Movement, inescapably, took the cause of gay civil rights to the political doorstep. We'd just witnessed the miracle of Dr. Martin Luther King, and it was clearly our turn to let it be known that we, too, had a dream. We, too, took our cries to the capitol steps. "We are here," we chanted. "We will no longer be silent, will no longer be ignored."

Inside, an elephant and a donkey exchanged glances. "We have company. Where are we going to put them?" Had there been any common sense in the stable, both beasts would have opened the doors together; both would have responded caringly and appropriately. Unfortunately, they scurried to their polls and projections, feared a homophobic backlash, and wished the voices would shut up. They would not. One could almost imagine that a coin was tossed to solve the dilemma, for the door had to be opened.

The gay rights cause had no choice, nowhere else to turn but to the houses of state. There was, however, a choice available within those houses. There could be a nonpartisan response to the very real needs of people, or those people could be seen only as "voters" and made into a new toy for the game of party politics. The coin toss gave one side the gays, the other got the homophobes, and the gaming resumed.

Gays did not select their tendency to favor one party over another. Gays were selected. The last major election saw gays played against rednecks like two minor game pieces. The results are now history. Have you ever heard an elephant say, "Ooooops!"?

The price to pay for this idiocy remains in the foolishness of stereotyping a diverse group of people. Gay voters had little choice but to ask, "Whose side are we on?" in last autumn's play, but the diversity of the gay world in terms of ideology and philosophy remains. We might well say, "Thanks for the donkey ride" in terms of the issues of our own rights due to sexual preference, but the stable should be advised that we are not to be labeled as an exclusive bag of oats. We came to the door with a nonpartisan cause, but we were viewed only as voter numbers, not as people. We cannot feel we've received a proper reply until both beasts answer us in unison. When the "overlooked opinions" survey shows gay political party affiliation in the same percentage ratio as the overall general population, we will have been heard.

It is time now for gay people who share Republican ideals and philosophies not to turn away in anger, but to work to help repair their party by ridding it of its homophobic lunacy. It is time for gays who share the ideology of the Democrats to be voices within that party to warn that the apparent gay loyalty of the moment cannot be taken for granted.

"We came to the capitol steps with a genuine cause," we must remind BOTH parties. "You turned it into a political tool. Now, you've had your fun and you've learned the results. Let's get back to the cause. We are here, hand in hand, liberal and conservative alike, to hear you address the matter of our human rights. Do that, together, and we will get back to the business of supporting our own individual political ideals as we choose. They differ, you know. *We* differ."

"Get politics out of my bedroom?" It might now be better to say, "Get my bedroom out of your politics!"

KENN RICHIE is a cofounder and principal contributor. Under another name (his real one) he is an award-winning playwright and even opened a play on Broadway. Many of his screenplays were brought to the silver screen. He lives in Los Angeles with his cats.

THE POETRY OF PUG SNIDER

DILEMMA OF A CHICAGO BUSINESS MAN

There's a Bridge of Sighs in Venice
With tales that make men shiver.
But MIchigan Avenue's still the best
As it spans Chicago's river.

I crossed it yesterday morning,
And thinking back, I sighed,
Recalling the tug at anchor there,
The skipper who said, "Want a ride?"

Seastruck me, no more than a lad,
My very first job in the Loop.
My lunch hour I spent admiring her prow,
Her stern, and the deck they call poop.

I was hooked from the very beginning;
Though lake-bound and clumsy was she,
That sweet little tug, and the skipper too,
Both reeked of the open sea.

I jumped at the offer to board her,
No thought of what might betide me.
Unused to beer and the ways of men,
I bunked with the skipper beside me.

I venture to say I dreamed it,
Yet it's just as clear as crystal.
We sailed the sea, two buddies we,
And caroused in a port called Bristol.

I woke and found us under the bridge
Exactly where we'd started.
The skipper laughed as I told my dream.
I thanked him and then we parted.

There's romance in being "Shanghai-ed."
A tender lad plied with drink.
I confess that my fondness for sailors
Has caused me to visit a shrink.

There's a competent guy I go to,
No matter how hard he tries,
He cannot explain my bittersweet pain
As I cross my Bridge of Sighs.

Pug Snider is a A 75ish, silver-haired fox who lives in Illinois with his bearish, slightly younger lifemate. He's a retired journalist and one of the finest writers of poetry and gay erotica in the world today. "In truth," he says of this piece, "I have no problem crossing on the Michigan Avenue Bridge, nor has it ever been the scene of any of my misadventures."

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

CHIRON RISING seeks material that appeals to mature men and their admirers, especially those works which hold our seniors in a positive light. Your creations may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Short stories. We seek fine fiction that appeals to the mind and spirit as well as the gonads. Manuscripts must be less than 14 double-spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration. Please, no standard porn.

—Fine original drawings no larger than 8 X 10. Should have artistic merit and must not depict penetration or ejaculation.

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to our target audience— same as short stories, except limited to 4 or 5 double-spaced pages.

Note: All subjects depicted must be over 18 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia will not be considered. All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. We will send you a release form if your material is accepted for publication. Payment will be made in copies, subscriptions, special issues or cash (professionals only), as agreed to.

HOW TO BECOME A *CR* MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, simply send us the best sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself that you can find. Can't find a good photo? Then get the best photographer friend or acquaintance you know to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, shots in bright sunlight , sex shots, shots with flash shadows on the wall behind you, or shots with half your head or penis missing. If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form outlining what we will give you in return for publication rights. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Some photos might have to be cropped to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN OTHER MAGAZINES.

Too shy to become a model? Did you know that, on average, models receive 20+ times the letters that personal advertisers do?

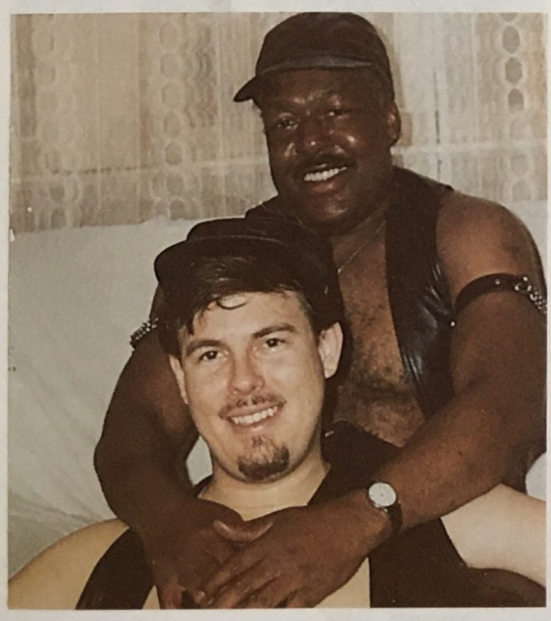
HOW TO WRITE*CR* CONTRIBUTORS

Yes, you can easily contact any of our contributors, be they models, artists, writers, photographers or staff. Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad on page 45.

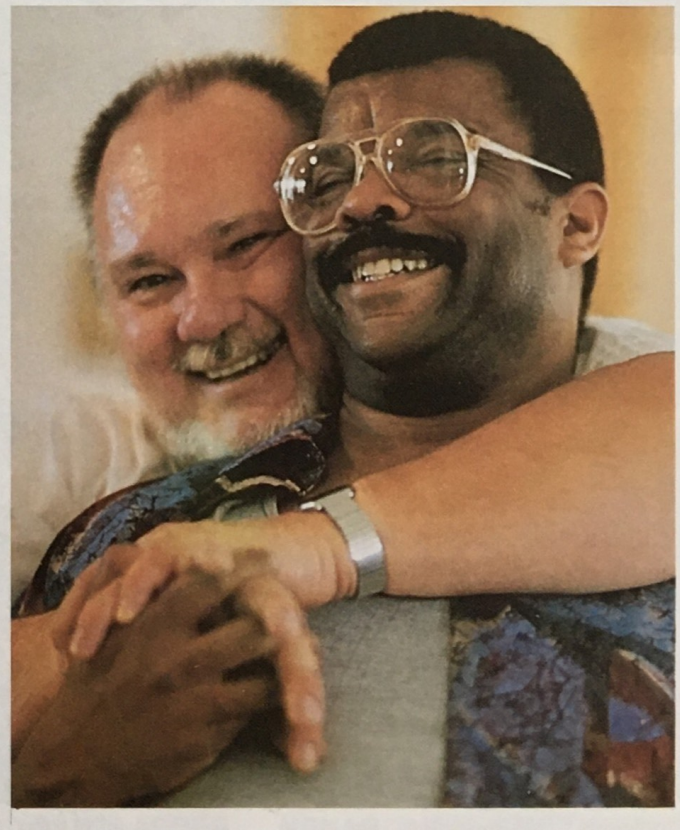
INTERRACIAL/INTERGENERATIONAL COUPLES

RICHARD & JAMES a self-portrait

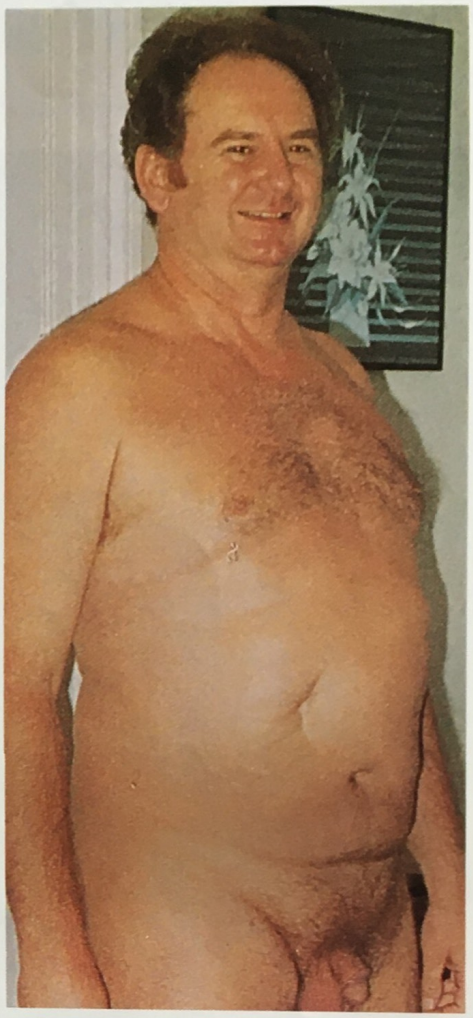
MUR & YING . . . photo by **MARK**

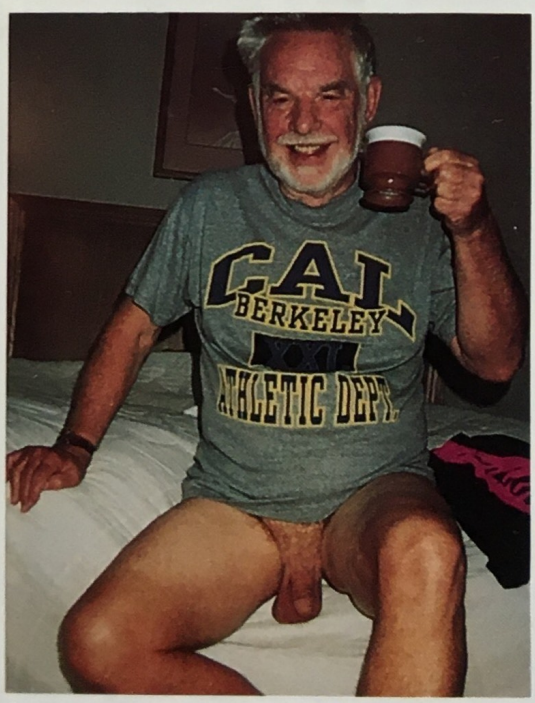


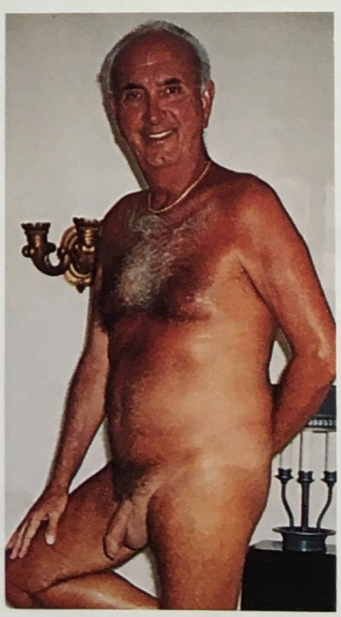
JIM & LARRY . . . photo by **JOEL**

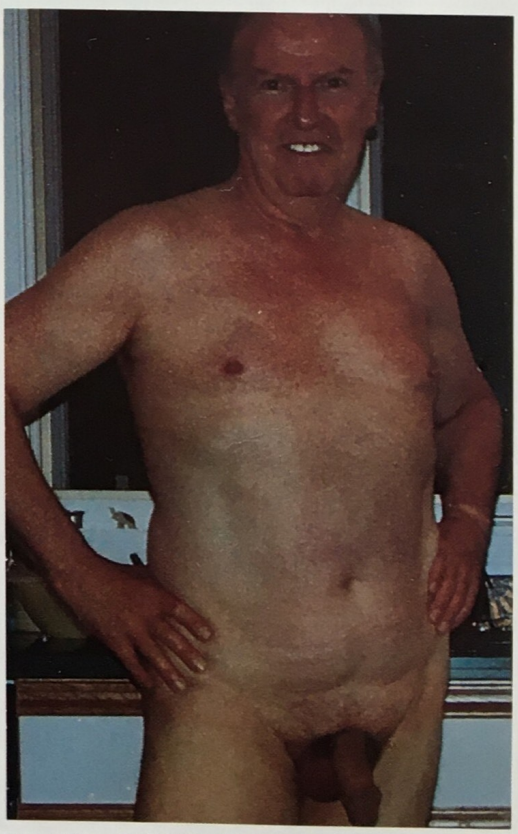


BOB & D.Q. . . . photo by **RICHIE II**

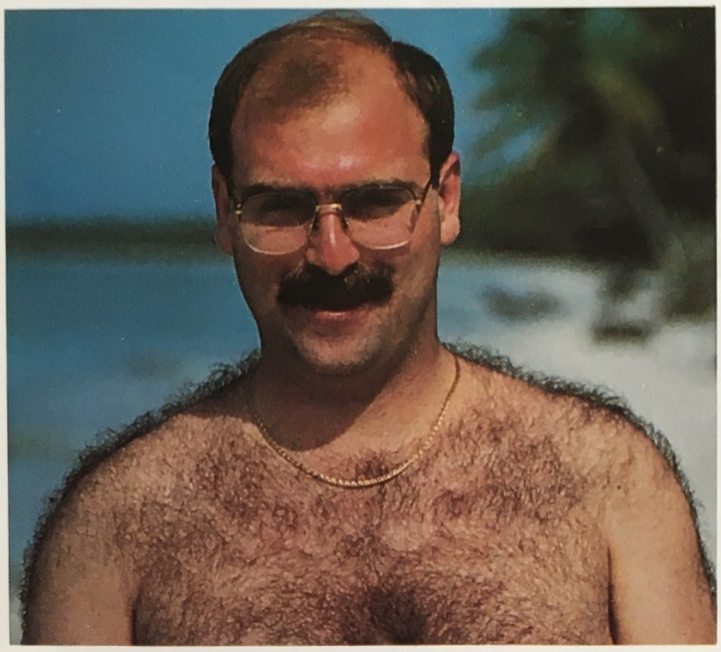


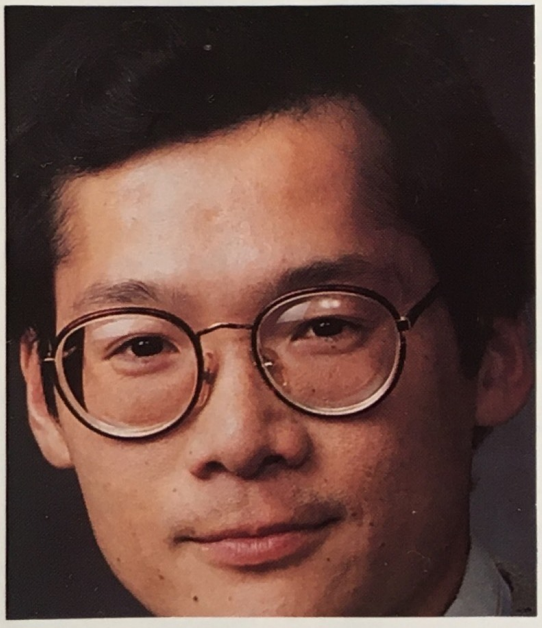


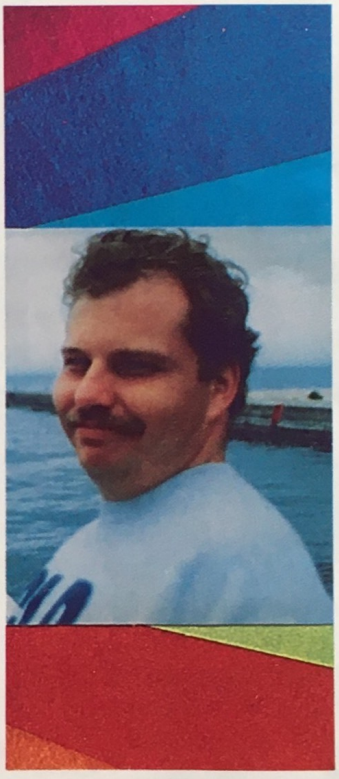


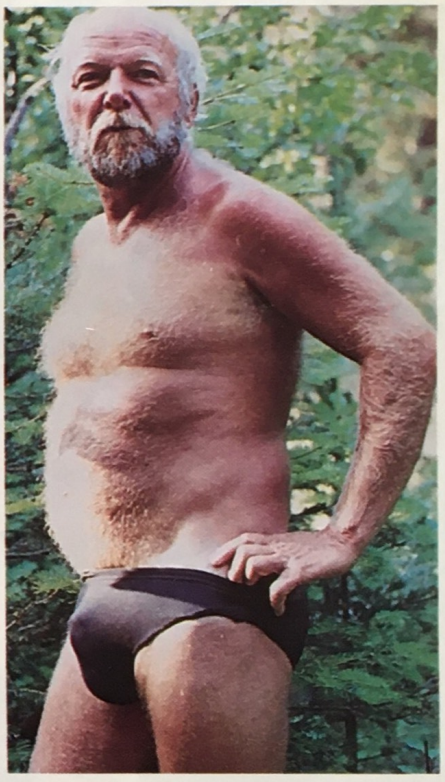


(Clockwise from upper left) **RANDY** . . . photo by WALKER; **WHITEY** . . . photo by BRUNO; **DAVID OF ENGLAND** . . . photo by PANDA; **WALKER** . . . photo by RANDY; **WARREN HENRY** . . . photo by RALPH TIBBITTS; **BUTCH** . . . photo by MICHAEL. (Center) **HANSRUDOLF** . . . photo by WERNER









(Clockwise from upper left) **THE PILOT** . . . photo by THE CO-PILOT; **SANDLAPPER** . . . photo by DENNY; **SMITTY** . . . photo by MICHAEL; **KENT OF NEW JERSEY** . . . photo by Anon; **SALTBUSH BILL** . . . photo by OUTBACK JACK; **T.C.** . . . photo by CROWN ROYAL. (Center) **DENNIS** . . . photo by DENNIS II

OUTBACK JACK's and KOALA BEAR's vacation photos. See issues 51, 52 & 53 for the hilarious blow-by-blow account by O.J.

PROFILES OF MODELS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

[Note: Always include a photograph when writing to any model. You know what they look like, so how about returning the favor?]

MODELS

FRONT COVER:

THE BANKER is a very popular San Francisco senior who has a mutual love affair with younger men in general. We're always getting calls from excited younger guys who say they just met THE BANKER at some party or convention. He really gets around.

PAGE 2:

HAM, 66, is half of a duo called "HAM & EGGS." EGGS, 35, can be found on the inside back cover. These rugged, blue collar men (EGGS is a warehouseman and HAM is a roofer) enjoy Bonsai designing and meeting other couples, 40-70. They live in Oregon.

FRENCH BOB is 63, 5'-6", 180# and Polish-French. Retired, he lives in Nice, France, and likes 65 to 75, heavy-set with beards and moustaches. He writes and speaks English, along with various other European languages.

CARL LAWRENCE, 50, lives in Northern California. He likes photography, music, theater, cooking, needlepoint, people and quiet evenings at home. He's looking to meet others for friendship and fun.

KELLY is 38, a nonsmoker/drinker, HIV negative, and resides near the beach in the L.A. area. He's looking for an older partner and seeks a gentle, loving relationship with a fatherly type, safe only, man-to-man.

PAGE 11:

LONE STAR is 37, 6'-2", 148#, and lives in Northern California. He prefers hairy-chested men, 55-70, in the mold of RAM-types. He likes hiking, camping, skiing, walking on the beach, cooking, music, and quiet moments in front of a fire. By the way, the other side looks pretty nice, too.

PAGE 23:

RANGER, 33 is a singer/songwriter living in Los Angeles. He's 6'-0", 195#, and really loves Country & Western music and fishing. This extraordinarily handsome young man seeks mature men for friendship and more.

DOUGHBOY is a retired Dallas educator and a genuine tourist. A slave to food and an opera nut, he's also devoted to the ridiculous.

PAGE 27:

RICHARD & JAMES live in Northern California and enjoy making new friends with men between the ages of 25-50. They like board games, swimming, old & new movies, theater, people-watching and dancing. James (the younger one) has just started to fish. Any advice?

MUR (62) **& YING** (45) have been together for 15 years. The transplanted Wisconsinite and Taiwanese live in the Dallas area with their 16-year-old Siamese cat and over 100 orchid plants. They also share an interest in classical music, mystery novels and the theater.

Genuine soul mates, Chicagoans, **JIM & LARRY**, recently celebrated their fourth year together. Versatile Jim, 29, is a writer who is partial to mature, well-hung men of color. Larry, 42, is a strong, sensitive daddy bear who enjoys the company of hot men, regardless of race or age.

BOB & D.Q. are none other than BOB FIVE and his new mate we've talked about in past issues. We understand that they will be moving from Southern California to New Mexico soon. They love meeting new friends and look forward to getting to know other couples and singles in New Mexico.

PAGE 28:

RANDY, 57, 5'-9", 170#, seeks a 30+ gentle giant who is athletic, aware, affectionate and willing to devote time to develop a relationship. He lives in Connecticut, where he pals around with WALKER, below.

WHITEY is 51, 6'-4", 210#, very healthy, lovable and financially secure. A former pro basketball player and coach, he's a practicing physical therapist in Ft. Lauderdale, where he hopes to find a life-long companion.

DAVID OF ENGLAND is 46 and prefers men older than himself. He's a naturist, sunbather, swimmer, walker, gardener and decorator. He lives in West Sussex.

WALKER, 63, 5'-11" and 190#, is a newly retired librarian living in NE Connecticut. A congenial good listener, he likes opera, jazz, walking, talking, French active/passive, and meeting men near his own age. He's wild about bears, beards and moustaches.

WARREN HENRY is 65, 6'-0" and 190#. He lives on the west coast of Florida, where he enjoys the beach, travel, music, theater, opera, reading, meeting new friends and keeping a tan.

BUTCH is an "old buddy" and artist who lives in north-central California. He seeks healthy son-types for extensive Nintendo games in his home. Other interests include electronics, photography, museums, sketching and fun. Travel possible. He is extremely discreet and shy.

HANSRUDOLF is a handsome, burly young man who lives with his older life-mate in Switzerland. He speaks several languages (English included) and knows a multitude of sexy, mature men throughout the world. He and his lover travel extensively and enjoy meeting new friends.

PAGE 29:

THE PILOT IS 30, 5'-11", 200# and lives in San Francisco with his older mate of 10 years. He likes the outdoors, flying, fishing, diving, cycling, boating, etc., and would like to meet other couples or singles for friendship and

fun.

SANDLAPPER is a retired journalist who has settled on the Carolina coast. He's looking for something BIG to enjoy between beach walks. He says, "Help me revive the lost art of letter-writing. Appreciate photo."

SMITTY is a 55-year-old, 200#, 5'-11", blue-eyed Oregonian. He likes music, cooking, cuddling, washing & hanging out, kissing, reading, outdoors, contact, conversation and men, 50 and over.

KENT OF NEW JERSEY is looking for men who are hairy, 40+, down-to-earth and passionate! He likes literature, travel, nudism and the arts. Make sure you send a photo with your response.

SALTBUSH BILL is one of the fascinating Australian men OUTBACK JACK talked about in his travelog the past few issues. He's 54, 5'-8", slim, and interested in farm life, especially horses. He'll correspond with all, but prefers a black guy to 50. Visitors are welcome, and reciprocal visits are possible later.

T.C. has resided in the Seattle area for 10 years. He loves art museums, opera, classical music, walks on the beach and baby eyes. He's looking for someone age 55 to 65 for a loving, one-on-one, live-together type of relationship. "Life will be better if we are together." Friendship also welcome.

DENNIS, 36, 5'-8" and 180#, lives in Chicago. He would like to meet a mature white man, 47-58, with a good heart for fun times and maybe more. He enjoys outdoors, camping, bike rides. Great looks aren't required, but availability on weekends is.

PAGE 30:

Brawny **OUTBACK JACK** and his blond bull gorilla pal (not lover), **KOALA BEAR**, reside separately in South Australia. In addition to the color spread published in this issue, they can be seen in the Spring/Summer '92 KNOWING SATURN special, which features the notorious, breathtaking nude of KOALA BEAR. They can be seen in the flesh (along with a sizeable group of fellow burly, older nudists) at all the best nude beaches along the south coast of Australia during their summertime.

PAGE 40:

THE SWIMMER is single, 66, and retired in San Francisco, where he swims for fitness. He'd like to travel and make new friends, especially with those who inspire him: masculine, younger, and active guys.

PAGE 54:

BUD II is a San Diego senior who loves all recreational and outdoor activities. He enjoys traveling and quality friendships, and desires a relationship with someone honest and sincere.

PAGE 55:

MAVERICK, 48, is a horseman living in Idaho. He's independent, self-sufficient, and looking for a man's son who knows who's boss. No bullshit.

THOM is one of our most popular and featured models. Now 70 with the body and outlook of a man in his fifties, he lives in Idaho with lifemate JOEL, one of our principal photographers. He's a very special man. After all, how many seniors would move from Florida to Idaho for the love of a younger man?

BIG PAW is another very popular model. Although he lives in Los Angeles with his lifemate (model, BUNK) of 45 years, both will eventually retire to Idaho to be with their "significant third," a younger man who loves them both. They have a loving, open relationship and are interested in meeting new friends.

LEW says, "I'm old enough to enjoy being a senior citizen and old enough to know better, but too young to resist." This Idahoan's hobbies include stained glass, glass etching, and porcelain work. He likes outdoor activities, cowboy boots and 501s.

EGGS is the lifemate of HAM, featured on the inside front cover (we'll publish them together in a later issue). See his profile on the previous page.

BACK COVER:

ROUGH RIDER is 56, 5'-11" and 170#. Single, he lives with two cats in a 100-year-old Victorian house on Whidbey Island on Puget Sound (Washington). He enjoys the company of younger men in their 20s and 30s.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

CHELSEA WILLIAMS is one of the top professionals in the business and one of our best supporters. Although he's not in the routine portrait business, he will photograph a limited number of our readers for publication in CR, provided they reimburse him for his expenses. However, he waives his standard photo session fee because he believes in our magazine and wants to help us out. For this, we are forever in his debt. Please contact San Franciscan CHELSEA through CR.

JOEL is a semi-professional photographer in Idaho who is headed for greatness. He also has a knack for finding incredibly masculine photo subjects in the most unlikely places. He's our most prolific shooter, and we eagerly await his next submittal.

RICHIE II is a free-lance photojournalist, among other things. His talent is phenomenal, but like so many other good photographers, he has trouble finding willing mature subjects. If you are a senior, live in the Greater L.A. area and want to appear in CR, contact us and we'll put you in touch with him for a photo session.

OUTBACK JACK and **KOALA BEAR**. See profiles on previous page.

[Publisher's Note: We are often asked about places which develop nude photos. We do have the addresses of a couple of gay developers who will process hard-core film, but sending your film out to these places for simple nudes isn't always necessary. Many smaller developers--and some larger chain stores--in California will develop nudes, provided they are not of minors. This more liberal situation exists in other states as well. The key is to call the shops in advance and ask about their policy. Shop around and ye shall find.]

FLORES

CHECK-OFF

Procrastination had gone on long enough. I recently decided to review and complete all necessary papers that would be required by my executor. Initially it was depressing to admit that I was, after all, a mere mortal with a finite existence. I realized that by reversing roles and becoming my own executor, the person I would chose to be executor (regardless of how close we might have been for many years) could not possibly know everything I desired to be carried out, nor could he answer all the questions that might arise. As soon as I realized this, the task became easier. However, it still required considerable effort to obtain all the required forms and make phone calls and inquiries. In the end, the results of all my work will make it virtually unnecessary for my executor to make decisions for me or to interpret my intentions.

The following is what I completed and considered necessary:

1. GENERAL POWER OF ATTORNEY - This is one of the most important documents to have completed before circumstances arise in which you cannot handle your own financial affairs. A general power of attorney is a broad power that you give to another person (the agent) which allows him to conduct your business and handle legal matters for you when you are unable to do so yourself. It should be given only to someone you feel is trustworthy and capable. A general power of attorney covers a broad range of business and legal matters. In my case, my bank required its own form in addition to mine. If you wish to restrict the agent's authority to only specific actions, then you should use a "special" power of attorney which can be as restrictive as you desire. You can revoke a power of attorney at any time, if you wish.

2. DURABLE POWER OF ATTORNEY FOR HEALTH CARE DECISIONS - A health care power of attorney allows you to designate and authorize your agent (the friend you trust) to make health care decisions for you if you become unconscious or otherwise incapable of doing so yourself. This document spells out your personal desires and values with respect to the degree of health care you will allow and gives your agent the authority to make whatever decisions are necessary in this regard. This document does not become effective until you become disabled or incapacitated, and it can also be revoked by you at any time.

3. UNIFORM ANATOMICAL GIFT ACT CARD - This form can be obtained from the Department of Motor Vehicles in your state, although you don't need to have a driver's license. I also learned that even though you cannot donate blood, it does not necessarily mean that you cannot donate organs or body parts. You can contact your regional Transplant Organ Center to find out about qualifications.

4. VETERAN BENEFITS - It is possible that you are eligible for veteran benefits (many people don't realize this). Obtain the necessary forms from your local office and complete all information that applies to you. If it turns out that you are eligible, are eligible but decline, or that you are not eligible, provide a statement to that effect for your executor.

5. SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS - Follow the suggestions described above for Veteran Benefits.

6. LEGAL ALIEN STATUS - Record your Alien Registration number and the address of the immigration office that must be notified.

7. INCOME TAX - An IRS notification form is available, and you can have it prepared in advance.

8. FINANCIAL RECORDS - Record the names and addresses of the banks, savings institutions, investment brokers, etc., with which you have accounts or do business. Note the type of account for each one, e.g. savings, checking, IRA, etc.

9. RETIREMENT OR PENSION INCOME - Record the name and address of the organization to be notified. Obtain the provider's notification form and fill out available information in advance.

10. LIFE INSURANCE - Record the policy number and the name and address of the insurance agent. Obtain the company's notification form if one is available.

11. OTHER INSURANCE - Record the name and address of the agent for each type of insurance you have. List the type and policy number for each one. Some policies provide rebates when cancelled.

12. CURRENT EMPLOYER - If you are currently employed, provide the name and address of your employer and your employer's procedure and notification form, if they require it.

13. UNION MEMBERSHIP - Follow essentially the same procedure as for current employer.

14. CEMETERY AND BURIAL - If your cemetery and burial arrangements have been prepaid, provide the name and address of the cemetery, the type of burial (for example: cremation), the site of burial, and include a copy of the contract. If it is not already prepaid, state your preferences as to the type of burial and the location of the cemetery.

15. FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS - Define your desired arrangements by starting out with the basic form provided by the mortuary. Then consider such details as clothing, type of coffin, visitation and viewing. If you wish to have flowers, do you wish to provide some yourself? Do you wish to have anything buried with you? Decide on the type of burial service (religious or secular) and the level of service you wish to have. Indicate where the service is to be held. Do you wish to have a marquee and chairs provided at the cemetery? Embalming and autopsy may or may not be required in your area. In my case, since I do not wish to have an autopsy done except as required by law, I provide a separate document citing the relevant section of the state code.

16. OBITUARY - Consult your local newspaper for the format of the obituary. It is not always necessary to include all the information normally printed. If you wish to have the obituary printed in a newspaper other than the local one, provide the name and address of that publication, and determine if any charges may be required.

17. DEATH NOTICE - Consult a large newspaper in a major metropolitan area for the format. This is a convenient means to inform people who reside some distance away. Keep the notice brief. Provide the name of the city where it is to be published and determine if any charges may be required.

18. LETTERS OF NOTIFICATION - This is a thoughtful way to inform those people who would otherwise probably have no way of knowing. Provide a complete list of full names and addresses and an example of the format. I am using the following form letter:

(date of letter)

Dear Sir or Madam,

It is with sincere regret that I must inform you of the recent death of (your name) who died on (date).

Sincerely,
(Executor's name), Executor
(Executor's full address)

If you are a member of a society, etc., add after your name, "a member of (name of the society)."

19. THE WILL - This is the most difficult document to complete. There are many things to consider, such as:

a. Executor - who is to be the executor, and is a bond required?

b. Individuals named - who must be named, and who is to be omitted?

c. Individual bequests - to whom and what items? For monetary bequests, I believe the preferred method is to define a percentage, rather than specify an actual amount. Thus, any changes in the value of your estate and assets become unimportant in determining shares.

d. Clothing and household furnishings - what is to be done with them? Consider having them donated to a charitable organization that helps the poor and needy.

e. Your home and vehicle (s) - should they be sold and included in your assets or bestowed as is?

f. Your books - consider donating technical books to an educational institution or "pleasure reading" books to a rest or veterans' home. Public libraries frequently sell such donations in their "jumble" sales.

g. Art object and collectibles - unless these are to be specifically bequeathed, I suggest that arrangements be made to retain a reputable dealer to appraise and sell them at the appropriate commission. The value received by using this method is much greater than by a "home sale."

h. Contested will - you must provide provisions to cover your desires if the will is contested.

i. Your pets - you should consult your local humane society for guidance. Also, there are pet cemeteries which will provide standard forms and other information. If a sum of money is to be left for your pets' care, it is probably best to use a trust fund in a "high yielding non-term account." This method allows using the principal if absolutely necessary without penalty. It is a requirement for a trust fund to provide a statement allocating the yearly amount per pet per year, what is to be covered, and what is to be done with the remainder of the fund after the pets' death. I would also specify the extent of medical care to be provided in case of a major illness or serious injury. Pet care coverage is the only instance where I specified actual dollar amounts. However, to cover inflation, I added after each dollar amount, "in 1992 dollars."

The Will, Power of Attorney, and Durable Power of Attorney for Health Care Decisions should all be prepared or reviewed by your attorney, because state laws can and do change. You can, however, present a completed draft to save expenses. There are many books, publications and computer programs to assist you in completing these items.

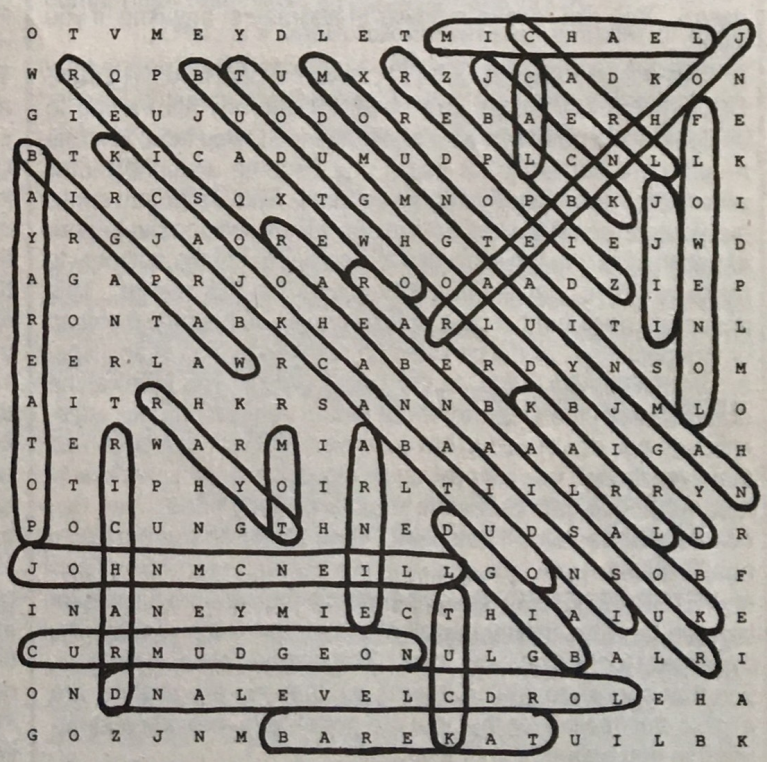
All the other items I have described, you can and should complete on your own. But be meticulous and consider all factors carefully. Once you have generated and completed to the best of your ability all the papers and documents you feel are necessary, sign all of them with your legal signature and the date, preferably in the presence of a notary. You and your attorney should have copies of EVERY document. Your executor probably does not need a copy of the will but should have copies of everything else. If you selected a mortuary, copies of all papers pertaining to the funeral, obituary and death notice should be sent to them.

Yes, it is a lot of work, and yes, it may seem rather morbid, but as I said at the beginning, you are the only one who knows all the specific answers and exactly what you desire. Your lover, your close friends or your family will have enough to cope with without the added burden of trying to second-guess you. So do all you can beforehand. Fill out all the forms you have gathered. The format may change, but the basic information that only you can provide will not. And that's what matters.

One final caution. Please remember that the above information for many of the documents was based on the requirements where I live. The requirements in your state may be different, and so you should consult with the authorities in your area for guidance. In some states, some of the documents (such as health care power of attorney) are time-limited and must be periodically renewed. You should review all the documents every few years in case you change your mind or your situation changes.

FLORES is 64, retired, and resides in the San Francisco area wine country. He muddles along in horticulture under the surveillance of a 100 pound puppy and a 15 pound kitten.

ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 20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FICTION

JOE THE COP by R.K. BRAMAN

Joe sat in front of the television set, his hand on the remote control, randomly flicking through the channels. *Jesus, thirty channels and there ain't shit on!* he thought. Giving up all hope of distraction, he pressed the power button and tossed the remote onto the stand next to his chair. He started pacing around his apartment, but the walls full of pictures, citations and books failed to divert him and hold his interest. After twenty years as a cop—fifteen of those with the rank of various grades of detective—his need for stimulation had not diminished. As a rookie, he had earned the nickname "Rabbit" because of his nervous energy; thankfully, only his oldest friends on the force remembered that name.

For two years, he had counted the days until his retirement from the Norfolk Police Department. His head was filled with plans for his approaching free time. Unfortunately, the reality of his retirement was a lot different from the fantasy and anticipation. Most of his buddies had moved to Florida with their wives, and the few remaining bachelors, like Joe, seemed to want only to sit and reminisce about the old days. Within a few months, he found himself sitting around his apartment, staring at the walls, day after day.

He walked into the bathroom and took a long, hard appraisal of the face that stared back at him from the mirror. His eyes, surrounded by a fine road map of wrinkles, were reddened from lack of sleep, and his face had a two-day stubble of beard. Glancing down, he was surprised to find his hands white-knuckled, gripping the sink.

"Joe," he muttered, "retirement doesn't agree with you. You'd better get yourself a *life*!"

He decided that a drive to the beach and a walk on the boardwalk was what he needed to relieve the monotony. Hopefully, watching the waves roll in might help him to relax. If not, maybe a brisk, three-mile walk from one end of the boardwalk to the other might at least burn up some of his excess energy.

Deciding to clean up before going out, he stripped off his sweat pants and stepped into the shower. As he soaped up, he critically examined his body. "Not too bad for an old man," he concluded. He was muscular and stocky with a slight layer of fat which was evenly distributed—a normal condition for a man his age. But at least he hadn't developed an overhang from sitting behind a desk the last few years. The dusting of hair on his chest and belly had turned salt-and-pepper, the same as the rest of his hair. His arms and legs were still firm and impressive; he was thankful he had become addicted to working out at the gym and taking long walks on the beach.

Refreshed, shaved and dressed in clean T-shirt and jeans, he grabbed his coat and keys and left the apartment.

In the deserted parking lot, Joe parked his car facing the beach. The boardwalk was sparsely populated in December—just a few sailors out on liberty, their pea jackets flapping in the stiff wind off the ocean. Despite the temperature outside, the afternoon sun made the car comfortably warm.

Shit, what I wouldn't give to be young again and in the navy, Joe thought as he watched the sailors horsing around as they headed down toward the strip. In his mind, he could see himself at eighteen, fresh off the farm and having the time of his life. He had been pretty wild then, quick to drink a few beers and raise some hell. He closed his eyes, remembering his buddies from the ship and their adventures together.

He opened his eyes with a start. The wind off the ocean had picked up and was buffeting the car. The sailors on the boardwalk had been replaced by a lone man. Out of the corner of his eye, Joe saw two young men quickly approaching the figure on the boardwalk. Twenty years as a cop had tuned his senses; he could tell that the young men had chosen the strolling man to be their mugging target. As he got out of the car, the two muggers rushed the walker and pushed him to the ground. Joe took off toward them at a full run, yelling, "Halt! Police!"

By the time he'd reached the boardwalk, the muggers had run off in opposite directions. He therefore concentrated on pursuing the thief he had seen pocket the man's wallet and shouted to the victim to call the police at a pay phone a few yards away. Down the ramp onto the beach, he chased the mugger. Slowly gaining, Joe felt the muscles in his legs start to protest and threaten to buckle.

"Come on, legs," he urged. "A few more steps and I can nail this bastard!" Realizing his legs wouldn't tolerate the pace any longer, he lunged for the youth, snagging the hem of his coat. Tumbling to the sand, Joe tried to grab the mugger's hands. The kid snarled and punched out at him. He felt the fist graze his lips and land on his nose. Reacting with time-honed skill, Joe flipped the mugger over and rammed his knee into the small of his back.

"Okay, that's enough shit! Try something else and you'll be nursing a broken arm!" Joe leaned in on his knee and twisted the thief's arm to drive the point home. He felt his heart pounding against his rib cage, each beat making his nose throb. Then he sensed a warm trickle on his lips and tasted the metallic tang of his own blood.

By the time the local police had bundled up the mugger into the back of a squad car, Joe had been able to stop the bleeding from his nose. Examining the mugging victim more closely, it became easy to guess why the youths had chosen him. He was slight and in his late forties, and even though he wasn't wearing expensive jewelry, he had an air of wealth about him. Despite the roughing he had received, it was hard to tell that he had been assaulted. His sandy hair was still well-groomed and his expensive clothing was unrumpled. He spoke calmly and eloquently to the policemen.

"Well, chalk one up for the home team," said Joe, leaving the group and heading back to his car. Before getting inside, he noticed the man approaching him and waving his hand.

"We haven't been formally introduced. I'm Calvert Trible, but my friends call me Cal."

"Joe Bishop."

"I just wanted to thank you for coming to my rescue," Cal said, extending his hand.

"Just doing my job," Joe replied, shaking Cal's hand, "or at least my old job."

"What job was that, all-pro tackle or professional wrestler?" A dazzling smile came to the man's face.

Joe smiled himself. "Just a plain old cop."

"Well," Ken started, releasing Joe's hand and sizing him up. "Uh . . . I'd like to repay you for your bravery on my behalf. How about dinner tonight?"

Joe looked down at his bloodstained coat and T-shirt and his wet and sandy jeans. "I'm not exactly dressed for dinner. I'd better take a rain check on your offer."

"No, really, I insist! I live just a few blocks down the beach. Drive me there and you can clean up at my place. I'm sure I have something that'll fit you, and we can put some ice on that nose of yours before it swells up any bigger."

Joe shook his head. "You don't have to feel any obligation. I'll drop you off, but I think I'll just head home after that."

"Did I forget to mention that I'm a gourmet cook?" Cal said, smiling.

Even though he was sure it was just profuse gratitude, Joe was impressed with the look of determination in Cal's eyes. But there was something else there—a bit of something that Joe couldn't quite fathom. He thought of the leftovers waiting for him at home. "Well, I guess you convinced me. Hop in and we'll drive to your place." He got inside and reached over to unlock the passenger door.

Smiling broadly, Cal walked around and got inside. "Just take a left out of the parking lot. My place is at the end of Morgan Court."

Recognizing the street as being in an exclusive beach front neighborhood, Joe drove out of the lot and headed in that direction. Cal was quiet during the short trip, speaking only to give directions.

As Joe pulled into Cal's driveway, he nodded to himself. He had guessed correctly about Cal's being well-off. The house, a white concrete and glass masterpiece sitting atop sturdy concrete piers, looked at once futuristic and functional. The street-side glass had a golden metallic cast to it, much like that used in many of the newer office buildings. A first level garage and entryway blended beautifully with the surrounding sea grass and scrub pines of the dunes. The house reeked of expense and good taste.

"Be it ever so humble . . . " Joe said with a smile.

"I agree. Sometimes it's a little too big to knock around in by myself, but, what the hell. It's home."

Joe followed wide-eyed as Cal led him inside a ground floor foyer connected to the garage. The far wall had a huge, stained glass window which bathed a marble and steel spiral staircase in myriad colors. Reaching the second floor, Joe gasped at the sight of a dramatic sunken living room with a massive fireplace. Then he saw that the ocean-side wall was made of glass, offering a spectacular view of the Atlantic.

Cal led him past a state-of-the-art, open kitchen with a counter table and four stools. Just beyond that was a formal dining room with seating for eight. He followed Cal into a palatial master bedroom on the other side of the wall holding the fireplace and found that another fireplace shared the same chimney.

Cal pointed into a large bathroom with dual sinks, a modern-looking commode, a bidet, and a glass-enclosed shower that could easily hold six people. "I think you'll find everything you need. I'll go and start dinner." He smiled and left Joe inside the bathroom.

Shaking his head in response to all the opulence, Joe looked into the mirror to fully asses the damage to his nose. Luckily, the blow had not broken his nose, so he stripped, placed his soiled clothes on top on the back of a chair, and walked into the shower. After adjusting the temperature and pulsation, he stood underneath the hot stream of water, which began to wash away the aches of a body that had been pushed too hard.

Feeling renewed, he stepped out and found that his soiled clothes had been removed and replaced with clean sweat pants and T-shirt. There was also a snifter of brandy and an ice bag on the counter. He took a sip of the brandy and felt the fiery warmth spreading sensually down his throat to his belly. Dressed, he placed the ice bag on his nose and followed sounds of activity into the kitchen. He found Cal in the kitchen, retrieving ingredients and utensils.

"I see you found everything okay," Cal said, his infectious smile bigger than ever.

"Yes," said Joe, responding to Cal's friendliness by completely relaxing. "Thank you for the brandy and the ice pack. They both hit the spot."

"I'm glad." Cal gestured toward the living room and the deck beyond a set of sliding glass doors. "Let me give you the fifty-cent tour."

"By all means." Joe took another sip of brandy and followed into the living room. As Cal headed for the sliding glass doors, Joe studied his walk and felt a stirring of long-suppressed memory.

***

Joe sat on the couch in front of a perfect fire. His legs were stretched out, his mind a pleasant buzz from the wine he'd consumed with dinner. He could hear Cal cleaning up in the kitchen. He was glad that he'd accepted the invitation; it was as if he'd discovered a long-lost friend. The evening had seemed to fly by; Cal was entertaining and easy to talk to. Besides having similar interests in mystery novels and music, Cal had even spent a hitch in the navy. Between the dinner and the conversation, it had been one of the most enjoyable nights he'd ever had. He'd never found anyone with whom he felt as comfortable since his last Mediterranean cruise some twenty years ago. "Jesus," he muttered with a start. "I haven't thought about Bobby in years."

He could still picture Bobby in his mind's eye: blond, curly hair and blue eyes that sparkled like sapphires. On and off the ship, Joe and Bobby had been inseparable. They must have hit every bar on the Mediterranean and North African coasts, surviving on too many beers and not enough sleep. There was a point in time when he would have died for Bobby, but then that night in Brindisi, Italy changed everything.

Bobby had just received orders to transfer to another ship, and Joe was headed back to the U.S. and an honorable discharge. They had one last big fling and closed the bar. By the time they stumbled back to the pier, the liberty boats had stopped running, stranding them ashore for the rest of the night. Somehow, they found a hotel that still had a vacant room and crashed for the night.

Joe was awakened by a hand slowly caressing his thigh. Paralyzed with fear, he held his breath, too afraid to speak or move. Sensing no resistance, Bobby continued to move his hand up Joe's thigh, rubbing his cock through the thin cotton of his shorts. Joe's cock stiffened under Bobby's gentle touch. Then he felt Bobby reach into his shorts and encircle his engorged cock. Before he could react, Bobby had taken Joe's cock into his mouth . . . .

"You look lost in deep thought."

Joe opened his eyes with a start. He sat up quickly to

hide the stiffness in his groin.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you."

"That's okay," said Joe, placing his hands in such a way as to hide his erection. "I was just thinking about how great this evening's been. I want to thank you again for the dinner and everything."

"Pleasure's all mine."

That smile again, so much like Bobby's. "Uh . . . well, I guess I'd better be getting home." Joe was concerned that he was wearing out his welcome.

Cal shook his head, frowning somewhat. "Don't go just yet." He placed his hand lightly on Joe's shoulder. "At least stay for coffee. It's almost ready."

Joe had trouble reading Cal. "Okay, but just one cup."

Cal went into the kitchen with Joe's eyes locked on him.

His walk is just like Bobby's! Joe thought, his mind drifting back again. He'd never talked to Bobby about that night. A few days later, Bobby was transferred off the ship and, other than a few short letters, Joe never heard from him again. After all the years that past since then, he could never sort out his feelings about that night. There was a feeling of guilt, but there was also something else he couldn't identify.

"Here you go," Cal said as he placed a tray on the table in front of the couch. Settling back with their steaming mugs, they watched the fire send flickering light across the room and listened to the pounding surf. The pops and crackles of the fire added a mesmerizing cacophony. Joe glanced at Cal and noticed that he was absorbed by the fire.

"I see that someone else is lost in deep thought."

"What?" . . . Oh, I'm sorry." Cal appeared embarrassed. "I guess I drifted off there."

"Me, too."

"It's just that . . . that I'm not sure how to say what I want to say." Cal's expression became less jovial.

"Well, I've always been partial to just straight out telling it like it is."

"Is that right?" Cal looked at Joe thoughtfully.

"It's the only way."

"Okay . . . . I'm really attracted to you."

Joe studied Cal, trying to figure out if he was joking. He started to say something but couldn't form any words with his mouth.

Cal's face became red with embarrassment. "Maybe telling it like it is isn't always the best way."

Joe felt as if all the air had been sucked out of the room. His breathing became ragged and heavy. Suddenly, the heat from the fireplace felt unbearable and seemed to be burning his skin. He could hear the blood rushing in his ears. A small voice in the back of his mind repeated, "Bobby, Bobby" over and over again. "Well, it's . . . uh . . ." Joe stammered. "It's just that . . . uh. . . I've never had a man say that to me before."

"It's not something I say very often." Cal looked down and sighed. "Uh . . . look, Joe, I can see this is making you very uncomfortable. Let's just pretend it didn't happen and call it a night."

Joe felt a sense of panic as Cal started to get up from the couch. His mind was a whirl of emotions like that night in Brindisi. He knew that he had to act quickly or lose any chance of resolving his feelings. "Wait," he said, reaching out and touching Cal's arm. "I'm just confused right now, and you've got to let me sort things out."

Cal sat back, seemingly entranced. "Take your time, Joe. I don't want to pressure you."

"I'm sorry if I'm acting like a frightened child, but you stirred up feelings that I thought were forgotten long ago."

"And you're stirring up feelings in me." Cal sighed and looked around the house. "I haven't always lived here alone, Joe. Last year, my partner of nineteen years died of cancer." Cal's eyes became misty. "Jake was your age. He was built a lot like you . . . so much so that you're the first man I've come on to since he died. You're wearing his sweat pants."

Joe was even more stunned and wanted to reach out for Cal to comfort him, but he couldn't move. It was all just too much.

Obviously sensing this, Cal reached over and placed his hand on Joe's. "Tell me about those feelings. It might help you sort them out if you talk about them." Again, the warm smile. "God knows, it would certainly help me by keeping you here a little longer."

The words soothed Joe and made him relax again. He picked up his coffee mug and leaned back. Stumbling a little in his attempt to get his emotions under control, he told Cal about Bobby and the night in Brindisi. When he finished, he felt completely drained; his heart was booming.

Cal was silent for a moment, then placed his arm on Joe's shoulder. "I think you need a big hug after getting all that out."

As Cal moved toward him, Joe opened his arms to allow Cal's head upon his shoulder. He fought to get his breathing under control as he awkwardly held Cal close to him. With trembling hands, he tentatively ran his fingers through Cal's hair and rubbed the back of his neck. Cal responded by holding him so tightly that Joe thought his ribs would break.

And then Cal ran his hands lightly over Joe's chest, causing his body to tingle as the hands brushed against his nipples. "I think at least part of you wants to go beyond hugging," said Cal, glancing down at the bulge in Joe's groin.

Joe nodded and leaned back into the cushions as Cal sensuously moved his hands lower. Joe felt his cock straining against the sweat pants, aching to be set free. A gasp escaped his mouth as he felt Cal slide his hand under the waist band. The touch was warm and exciting, filling him with desire.

Joe pushed his hips up off the couch to allow Cal to slip the sweat pants down his legs. The heat from the fireplace felt good on his cock and balls.

As Cal started to caress Joe's thighs, then lowered his head to plant a kiss here and there, Joe allowed his head to fall back onto the arm of the couch. His breathing became more rapid as Cal slowly worked his magic up Joe's thighs. He felt his own hands kneading the upholstery as Cal's tongue wetly traced the contours of his balls, then flicked hotly at the base of his penis.

Cal grasped Joe's cock and slowly licked the engorged head, prying open the slit with his tongue. As he took the entire length, Joe felt a soaring sensation and placed his hand on Cal's shoulder. His hips started to move, each thrust pushing his cock deeper and deeper into Cal's mouth. As Cal traced his thighs and balls with his free hand, Joe felt tingling sensations. He tried to pull away when he felt Cal's finger start to press against his sphincter, but fear quickly turned to pleasure when he felt his orgasm building up, fed by the pressure from Cal's finger.

Joe could take it no longer. A low moan announced the arrival of his load, and he tightened his grip on Cal's shoulder, trying to thrust his cock even deeper into Cal's throat. His body

shuddered uncontrollably, relieving the pent-up pressure in his groin with each spurt of semen.

As Joe's breathing returned to normal, his body only shuddered occasionally as Cal slowly sucked out the remaining fluid from his sensitive cock.

"Well, you seemed to enjoy that," said Cal, pushing himself up and sitting back on the couch, a wide grin on his face.

Joe found that he could only nod his head weakly.

"I tell you what. Why don't we move to some place a little more comfortable? I'm not letting you go that easily." Cal reached his hand out to Joe, who nodded and allowed Cal to pull him up and lead him into the bedroom.

***

The sound of crashing waves awakened him. Through half-opened eyes, he could see light streaming through the cracks in the blinds. He tried to snuggle deeper into the covers, but he found he couldn't get back to sleep. Turning over, he found the other side of the huge bed empty.

Propping himself up on his elbow, he scanned the room. On the pillow next to him was a folded piece of paper. He felt a rising anxiety as he unfolded the paper.

Dear Joe,

I hope you enjoyed last night as much as I and that there are no regrets. I had to attend a meeting this morning at my office and didn't want to wake you up. You'll find your clothes in the bathroom and breakfast keeping warm in the oven . I should be back home around 11:00, and I hope you will still be here. If not, I'll understand. Cal

Joe lay back on the bed and stared at the ceiling. He tried to interpret the diverse feelings in his head: relief, fear, *God knows what else.*

He got out of bed and dressed in his clothes, which had been washed, dried and folded. Walking through the house, he came upon a photo of Cal and Jake. Eerily, Jake looked a little like him, and certainly Cal resembled an older Bobby. Shuddering, he went to the sliding glass door and walked out into the brisk morning air.

The cold made him shudder more, sending him back inside and past the photo of Cal and Jake again. "So what do you think, Jake?" He felt self-conscious and walked to the spiral staircase. Standing at the top, he looked at his watch and saw that it was 10:15.

Ambivalent about walking down the stairway, he stared down it until he became dizzy, then turned and went into the kitchen, where he found a pot of coffee on a coffee maker. Pouring himself a cup, he peered inside the oven and saw a plate of sausages and biscuits with a small cup of honey on the side. He pulled out the plate with a pot holder and placed it on the counter. Pulling out a fork, he began to eat.

Again he looked at the photo from several feet away. He felt a comforting warmth begin to envelope him.

R.K. BRAMAN is 35 and lives with his Significant Other of 14 years in New Jersey. He enjoys correspondence with other writers and burning small sacrifices to appease the computer goddess.

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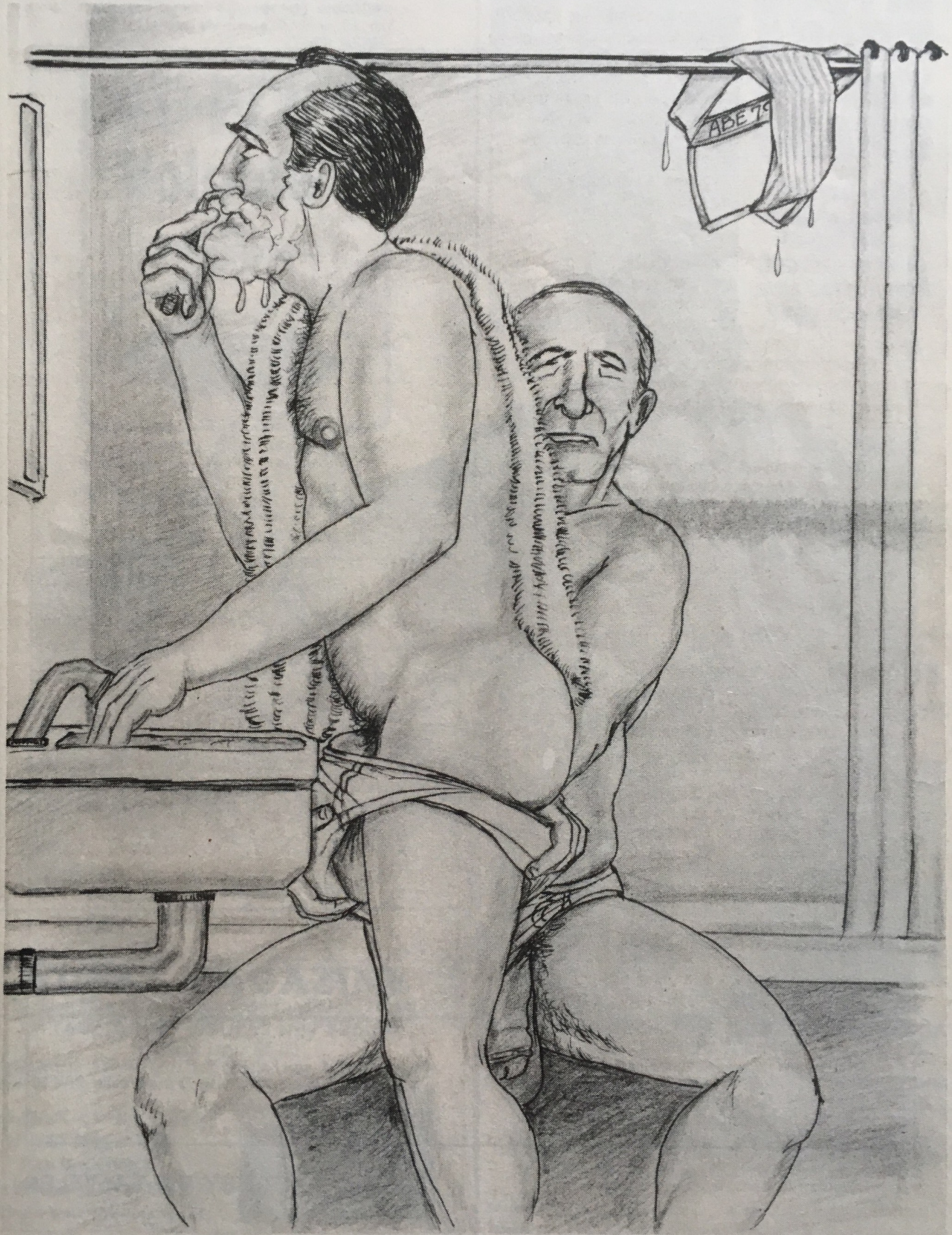

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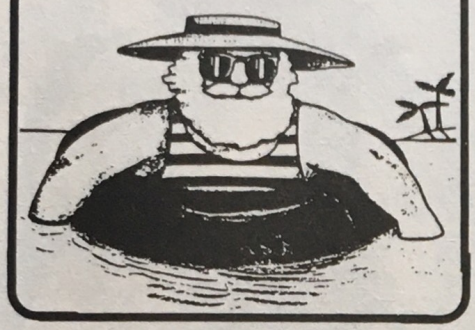

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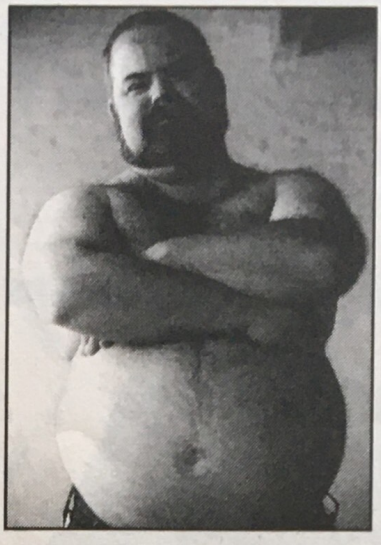

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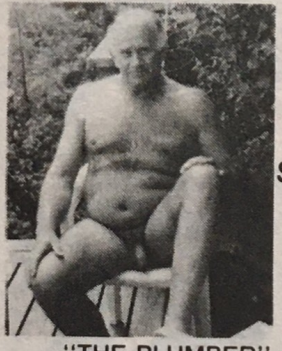

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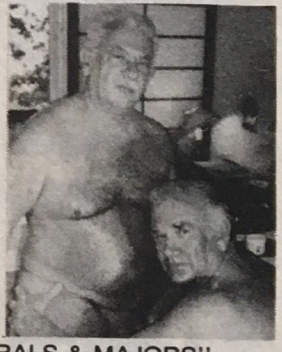

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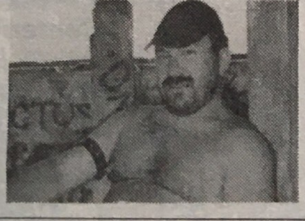

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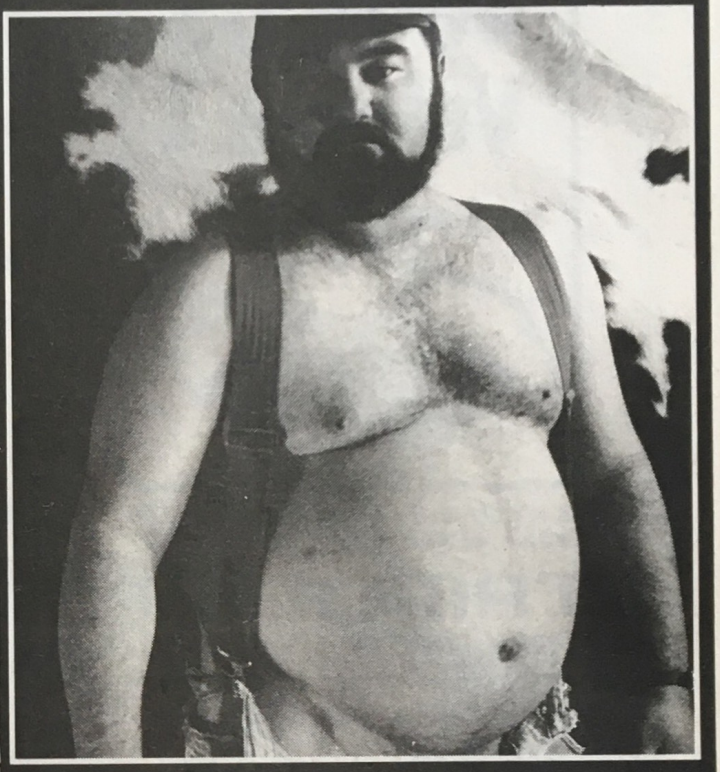

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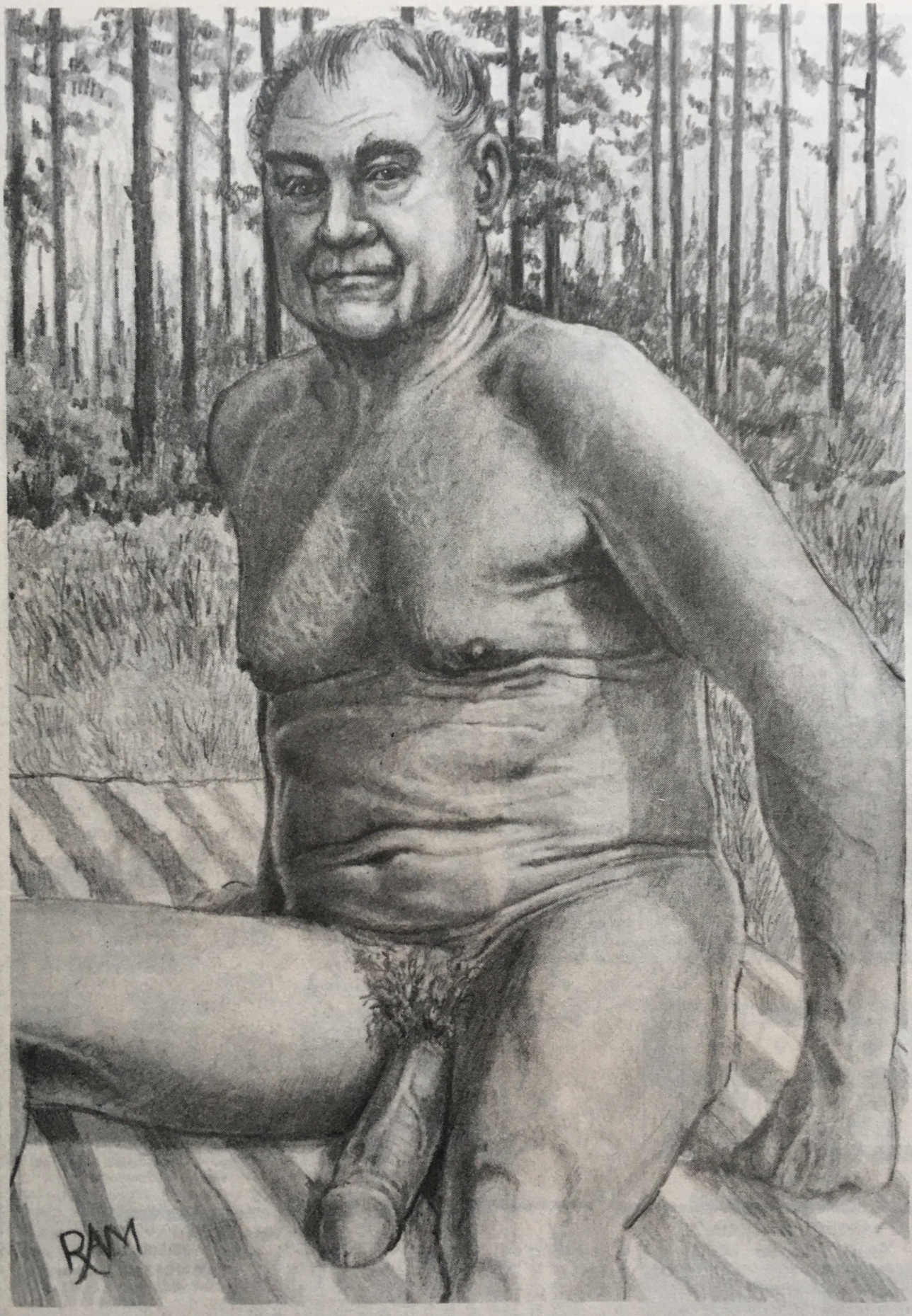
THE FRACTURED MYTHOLOGY OF KEMUSH

Zeus with Europo. Everyone knows the Europa legend where Zeus absconds with the virgin Phoenician princess and bullies her to Crete. But recorded only among the cognoscenti is the mythic tale of Europo, the black sheep of the family (both literally and figuratively), who was the result of an unplanned encounter in the jungle by a distant ancestor. Trying for a near repeat performance, Zeus goes bull again, honing in on the comely black prince and whisking him to never-never land.

KEMUSH is in his early sixties and has lived with fellow artist, BILL THREE, for 26 years. He collects Southwest Indian art and paints dazzling nude portraits of men of color. We will feature some in full color in a future issue.

RAM



I'D WALKED THIS PATH MANY TIMES BEFORE, BUT THIS TIME . . .

RAM hardly needs an introduction if you've followed CR for awhile. He has few peers, as you can surmise. This magnificent artist lives with his partner in Illinois and Florida and loves to garden and paint.

THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

IMPORTANT . . . PLEASE READ THIS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTE: Unforwardable letters will be returned with brief explanation on back of envelope. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NS2/93) SEEK TOTAL TOP for lasting monogamous relationship. I'm 61, HIV negative, attractive, tall, trim. Always horny for total submission. Need authoritarian, any age, sensuous, into dominance, control and power. Photo appreciated. DW, P.O. Box 472, Mill Valley, CA 94942.

(2/93) I'M AT THAT AWKWARD AGE: GWM, 37, 6'-1", 160#, salt & pepper hair and mustache, smooth. Too old for some, too young for others. I seek hairy, mustachioed men, 45 plus (and plus!) for romance and fantasy. Please, California men only. I live on the Central Coast and would love to meet someone "in the neighborhood." Your picture gets mine. Have leather, will travel! Write! **BIFF**

(2/93) SILVER HAIR, CONSIDERED CUTE: GWM, straight acting. Me: in late 60s, look 53, feel 40, HIV negative, 5'-7-1/2", 165#, proportioned build, firm body, good health, dependable. Have secure, lovely view home, Bay Area California. Not into gay bar scene. Enjoy travel; theater; restaurants; humor; quiet, affectionate, romantic, loving evenings at home; and mutual, safe bottom play. I'm a nonsmoker, not into drugs or alcohol. You: younger, with qualities similar to above and wanting to commit to long term loving relationship. Your picture and phone gets mine. **SINCERE**

(4/93) SERIOUS IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Non-drinker, non-user, 50, fit, and fond of well-endowed, over 50, who are self-sufficient and healthy. I'm looking for good friends worldwide with the possibility of a good relationship. Hobbies include watching college athletics, collecting nude male photos, and watching attractive men. I'm an occasional model: 5'-9", 180#, hairy, bearded. If interested, write with photo to Mickey, P.O. Box 228, Knightsen, CA 94548.

(2/93) GBM CUB SEEKS WM BEAR: Masculine, bearded, GBM, 31, 6'-3", 220#, HIV negative cub seeks very masculine G/Bi/WM top daddy bear, 50-65 years old, around 6 ft., solid, burly, big-bellied, 250-300#, very thick bearded, hairy, blue-collar/trucker/biker/businessman type, HIV negative, for male bonding, watching football, etc. Bald a plus. Reply with photo (if possible) to: C.B., P.O. Box 21633, Concord, CA 94521.

(4/93) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Masculine, sometimes dominant GWM, 55, balding, greying, 6 ft., 205#, facial/body hair, professional, seeks over 21, any race, who is at least sexually submissive. We're both affectionate, stable, HIV negative, nonsmokers, don't use drugs, and drink rarely, if ever. Write: J. Allen, 3145 Geary Blvd. #354, San Francisco, CA 94118.

(2/93) SEEKS RELATIONSHIP NATIONWIDE: Attractive 69, GWM, Daddy, 5'-8", 157#, seeks total involvement with 18-45 Son who prefers "MAKING LOVE" on permanent basis. Romey, 537 Jones St. #1297, San Francisco, CA 94102.

(NS2/93) YOUNG SEEKS OLD: Handsome, masculine, athletic WM, 28, 6'-0", 155#, hung 8", seeks HIV negative, 50+, uncut, masculine, heavy, wide, nonsmoking, gentle, cockringless WM for intimacy. Ernest Borgnine, George Kennedy, Ed Asner types welcome, too. Send photo for mine. Write to: Jackson, 1868 Vassar St., Mountain View, CA 94042.

(4/93) TWO MASCULINE, AGGRESSIVE PROFESSIONAL MEN seek a younger guy to join us for physical and mental contact leading to possible trio relationship in suburbs of San Francisco. Write: S.H., P.O. Box 31703, San Francisco, CA 94131.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(2/93) HIGH DESERT ABOVE PALM SPRINGS: Masculine Hispanic man, 56, 5'-6", 185#, healthy, easy-going, sin-

cere, romantic, passionate, good sense of humor, very oral. Likes to have fun with men 55+ (no limit). Prefer heavy men. No kink or pain. Write: **THE LATIN**

(NS4/93) EUROPEAN: GWM, 35, 5'-7", 145#, looking for older guy, 50+ for friend and more--someone who is clean-shaven and in good shape and who likes to hold and touch and be loved. Write: **EUROPEAN**

(2/93) ORANGE COUNTY: I am 5'-9", 165#, brown eyes, salt & pepper hair, honest and sincere, Omar Shariff look. Seeking 55 and older, 185 to 210#, 6 ft and over, honest and sincere, masculine, mustache, beard, and red or silver hair for possible relationship. No drugs. HIV negative. Call (714) 472-8667. Ask for Zee.

(2/93) JAPANESE IN SAN DIEGO: 48, 5'-5", 140#, HIV negative, semiretired, easy-going, sincere, love travel and theater. Wishes to meet heavy-set, 50-68, top (preferably), white male. Will answer all replies. Please write with photo to: **LITTLE TOKYO**

(2/93) FRIENDSHIP FIRST: BWM, 29, 6 Ft., 180#, good looks and fit, masculine, secure in mind and wallet, extra clean and discreet, like travel, cars, motorcycles, pool, beach, workout, etc. Seeks stocky RUSSIAN BEAR, MOUNTAIN MAN or KARL type as buddy. My first and ever! Write with photo, please. Write: **CORVETTE JIM**

(2/93) CALIFORNIA-NATIONWIDE: GWM, 59, 5'-7", 145#, grey/brown, blue/green, boy-sized with one inch foreskin, passive. Like aggressive, mature tops, any size, shape, race. Couples welcome. Write: Larry Berthelsen, P.O. Box 90935, Santa Barbara, CA 93190-0935

(6/93) PALM SPRINGS GWM: 35 yrs, 5'-11", 160#, attractive, masculine, clean-cut marine look, brown hair, brown eyes, gentle spirit, and a swimmer-type body. And I'm nuts for men over 60 years old . . . period! So if you're moderately trim (preferably thin), versatile, and looking for sensual fun, affection and friendship . . . let's say no more. Send photo (nude, if possible) for mine to: Springer, 100 S. Sunrise Way #107, Palm Springs, CA 92262-6737.

(2/93) INLAND EMPIRE: Down to earth WM, 52, 5'-8". Priest, activist, administrator, varied interests. Author of "Open Letter" in CR #52. Seeks personal contacts for social, interpersonal, friendship, etc. For special intimacy, prefer (not exclusive) under 50. Message at (714) 384-1940. Father Paul.

(4/93) PETER PANDA SEEKS MATE: See my photos in CR #50, page 11. Are you straight-looking, 50-60 years old, hoping for enduring relationship? Please answer and send your picture. Write: **PETER PANDA**

(4/93) BIG, BURLY MEN OVER 60: Wanted for mutual French and sincere friendship. Be macho, HIV negative, real, hung. I am 51, straight-acting, white, 5'-6", 185#. Prefer whites and Latins. Am especially turned on by uniforms and men with hard bodies. Write: L.T.A., P.O. Box 1950, Carlsbad, CA 92008.

(4/93) NATIONWIDE: Retired Chinese, 62, 5'-6", 175#, and W/M friend, 75, 6', 225#. Interests: gourmet dining, fishing (have lakefront home), classical music, oil painting, and orchids. Would like to meet genteel people for friendship and hobbyist to trade *awarded, award-quality, or rare* orchids. Penpals welcome. Write: **CHOP-CHOP**

(NS 2/93) SAN DIEGO: If at first you don't succeed, try, try again! First off, I'm a senior citizen, 74 years old. I swim 20 laps in an Olympic size pool six days a week and would like to find and join the life of a person in or near my age bracket. He would "ideally" be virile, discreet, *totally honest*, financially stable, proud, basically intelligent and with the ability to love and receive spiritual love in return, as well as being HIV negative and with an outrageous sense of humor. I'm not asking for much, am I? I'm at least a part of, if not all of the above! My basic interest in this person is not in his plumbing and sex life (that, too, could be interesting) but in his overall character and emotional stability. Personally, I am a horticulturist, gardener, lover of birds, plants and animals (real ones) and a classical singer (opera and all that). I also like symphony concerts, etc. I presently live in San Diego but would like to relocate in the upper Midwest or the East Coast. If you think we have enough in common, please contact: E.M., P.O. Box 34187, San Diego, CA 92163, and kindly *include your phone number* so I can "ring you up"!

(6/93) SO. CAL/HI DESERT: GWM retiree, 56, 6'-1", rugged, masculine, nonsmoker/drinker, nudist. No drugs or heavy drinkers. Looking for friendship, maybe more, any race. Very flexible and able to travel extensively. Write: **BAREKAT**

COLORADO

(NS 2/93) NATIONWIDE: Would like to correspond with trim, white-haired men like John Forsythe, Bob Barker, Leslie Nielson types. I am 28 years old, 5'-11", 155#, considered nice looking. Also have good copy of CENTAUR SIX video to trade for DADDY VIDEO VOL II OR III. Write K.T., 1020 S. Chelton Rd. #2212, Colorado Springs, CO 80910.

CONNECTICUT

(2/93 BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 48, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or (203) 794-0868.

FLORIDA

(NS2/93) SOUTH FLORIDA/THE WORLD: Eternally young, athletic GWM, 55, 5'-8", 140#, platinum hair, blue eyes, smooth, HIV negative, unconventional, financially/emotionally secure, educated, romantic, versatile, hot, supportive. Loves surfing, biking, sailing, camping, travel, theatre, rock concerts. You are 30s, professional, trim, smooth, healthy, positive, nonsmoker, no drugs, light drinker, monogamous, healthy, adventurous. Note and picture to Rick W., P.O. Box 11111, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33339.

(NS 2/93) SOUTHWEST FLORIDA: Creative, retired, jovial, white, sixtyish male seeking similar type/age or younger to share the life-style and freedom of retirement. Enjoy travel, people, dining and sex. HIV negative, well hung/thick, clean and discreet. Phone/photo, please. Write: **BEACH BOY**

(2/93) SARASOTA/NATIONWIDE: Still lonesome old (smooth) teddy bear, 66. Like to cook. Love bed. Belt okay. Want sweet Daddy to cherish. Ted, 763 John Ringling Blvd. #B-8, Sarasota, FL 34236.

(4/93) NORTH DADE/SOUTH BROWARD: Lonesome and looking for someone very special who is not averse to chancing it with a discreet, honest, articulate, masculine and young-appearing 70+ GWM. A healthy nonsmoker, social drinker who enjoys quiet evenings at home, TV, reading, movies, shows, opera, concerts, spectator sports, bowling, walking, cooking and eating at home. This romantic youngster is average-looking, 5'-6-1/2", 160# chubby (not fat), cuddly, affectionate, and very passionate when properly aroused. Masterful active French and sensual passive Greek. Smooth hairless skin that is excited by the contact of a firm, hairy body. I hope to find and please a

mature, masculine, hairy-chested top man who enjoys lots of affection and attention, hot safe sex and my cooking. We will be friends by day and lovers at night. Where are you? A picture, please. Write: **DIOGENES**

(2/93) FLORIDA OR NATIONWIDE: If you're retired and on a pension, your pension and mine could offer a better lifestyle and nicer times than we now have. I have a pleasant home in a quiet, secure area near shopping. I would like to share it with a sedate, refined person who enjoys TV and quiet dinners at home. I'm 57, average build and pleasant-looking. I'm not a bear, but sure wouldn't object if you are. Ralph Hester, 1843 Dolphin Blvd., S., St. Petersburg, FL 33707.

GEORGIA

(8/93) SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 62, 5'-6 1/2", 245#, chubby and cuddly, wishes to meet all races, legal to 30years old. Prefers Asians, blacks and Hispanics, but all are welcome. Travel extensively. No place in the world too far. Photo a must. Write: **GEORGIA PEACH**

(4/93) WANTS LOVER IN ATLANTA: GWM, 54, 5'-10", 195#, hairy, Greek passive, wise, artsy, teacher/writer, homebody, nonsmoker, wants 35 and under, sharp, affectionate, down-to-earth. Jim, Box 2158, Decatur, GA 30031.

ILLINOIS

(6/93) ILLINOIS: 6'-1-1/2", 205#, 63-year-old Daddy top wants a strong, heavy-set son bottom to horseplay, mutually workout, swim, watch videos, have safe sex with me. Write: J.L., P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160.

KENTUCKY

(2/93) FRANKFORT: Blind man, age 61, looking for pen pals. I am 5'-8" and weigh 215#. At present I live in the country, but will be moving. My address below will not change, however, as it is my reader's address. Write: Hugh Hampton c/o Bob Cook, P.O. Box 885, Frankfort, KY 40602.

MARYLAND

(NS4/93) MARYLAND: James, please keep in touch with me. I miss you very much. Love, Jonny 7.

(2/93) STILL LOOKING: WM, 60, 225#, 6 ft. Interests: swimming, reading, gardening, computers (new user), videos. Seek 30 and up, who are into nude, warm cuddling, kissing, caressing and caring. Am very oral. Photo appreciated. Write: Don, Box 1185, Emmitsburg, MD 21727-1185.

MASSACHUSETTS

(8/93) CHEST TO CHEST/CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 43, 5'-11", 180#, mustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm, long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

(2/93) PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE: Masculine couple, early 40s. Discreet, easy-going. Seeking mature men for friendship and safe sex. **FOX HUNTERS**

NEW JERSEY

(10/93) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 64, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends.

(2/93) JAPANESE WARRIOR: Oriental, 31, 6 ft., 180#, very athletic, professional, looking for sincere friendships with WM, over 35, medium to chunky, bulk-built, eclectic interests from classical music to motorcycle cruising. All answered. Photo not necessary. Pen-pals welcome. Write to Peter, 56 Upper Brook Court, Parlin, NJ 08859.

(NS 2/93) BLACK CHUBBY: Love photography and am an uninhibited show off. Interested in meeting and corresponding with lovers of dining out, theatre and compatible safe-sex eroticism. Write: Herb Phoenix, Jr., P.O. Box 31, Bellmawr, NJ 08099.

NEW YORK

(2/93) RAIL BUFFS: Quiet type, over 50, slim, HIV negative, French A/P, JO, happily remembers learning about it all very young through a railroad station glory hole and still loves train travel. Like to hear from rail fans and others who will give locations around the country of such things as porn movies, which are fun spots. Write: **RAIL TRAVELER**

(6/93) WANTED: COMPANION OVER 60! GWM, 42, 6'-1", trim, hairy, masculine, nonsmoker, non-promiscuous, health-conscious (HIV negative), romantic, caring, crazy about older men, seeks unattached, self-respecting and dignified gentleman, 60+ for companionship and passionate, monogamous relationship. Any area. Detailed letter and photo essential. Write: Steve, Box 591, 208 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022.

(4/93) STRONG SENIOR WANTED: Manhattanite, looking nationwide for mature, 65-80, stocky, muscular, rugged, heavy-chested man, but if you are white-haired, husky and distinguished type, I will flip over you, too. I am a 51-year-old, 6 ft., 180#, 7", wavy-white-haired, debonair executive. Photo, please. **THE ECONOMIST - NEW YORK**

NORTH CAROLINA

(4/93) NORTH CAROLINA: Affectionate bear cub, writer, artist, 25, 5'-10", 270#, brown/blue, with reddish-brown beard, moderately furry. Looking for brother bears and papa bears for warm friendship, affection and . . . ? All letters answered and correspondence welcome. Your photo/phone gets mine. All you need is to just be you. Write: Fuzztone, 300 S. Sharon Amity Rd. #304-D, Charlotte, NC 28211.

OKLAHOMA

(4/93) BURLY IS STILL RUTTISH AND SEARCHING! I appeared on the back cover of Issue #46, and am looking for a husky to heavy-set, 55+ years, GWM, masculine fellow who is interested in getting to know a heavy-set, 41-year-old, masculine exec. I am smooth-skinned, hazel eyes, 5'-11". I love travel, books, movies, cars and LOVEMAKING. I am very versatile, affectionate and honorable. Please write with photo. All replies answered. D.B.R., P.O. Box 403, Lawton, OK 73502.

SOUTH CAROLINA

(2/93) SOUTH CAROLINA/NATIONWIDE: Bi-WM Daddy, 45, 6'-1", 200#, masculine, healthy, horny, clean-shaven, cigar smoker, professional engineer, seeks balding, masculine, cigar/pipe-smoking Papa for friendship, hot sex, long-term relationship. My interests include horses, farming, railroads, antique cars. Penpals and travelers welcome in 45-85 age bracket. Write: **BIG ED**

(2/93) FUN GUY, 35-75 WANTED: To liven up my life and share mutual pleasures. Me: GWM, 5'-6", 225#, retired, nonsmoker, healthy, humorous, hefty, clean-shaven. Enjoy sharing, pleasing via kissing, cuddling and loving. You: Romantic, passionate and just an average guy who wants a friend for special times. Near Florence, Columbia. Write with pix, phone, to get quick response. Sandy, P.O. Box 1663, Camden, SC 29020.

TEXAS

(2/93) TEXAS HILL COUNTRY: Seek an exclusive, but not live-in, relationship with a LONE WOLF, BUD TWO, MOUNTAIN MAN, MACK type in the Texas Hill Country. Married okay. I'm very oral, 62, 190#, 6'-1", HIV negative. Photo and phone get immediate reply from **LONE COYOTE**

(10/93) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 47, stocky, nice-looking, seeks French active/passive or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up - no limit! Especially like white hair and/or mustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

UTAH

(2/93) GWM, CUDDLY, WARM, LOVING: Looking for same. I'm 61, 5'-10", hazel, salt/pepper. Enjoy massage, kissing,French A/P, movies, travel. Married but looking for confidential encounters, friendships, possibly more. Write: Liebchen, P.O. Box 526031, Salt Lake City, UT 84152-6031.

VIRGINIA

(2/93) SEEK OLDER TOP: GWM, 33, 180#, 6 ft., brown/brown, moustache, masculine, healthy, in-shape, HIV positive with good equipment. Live in semi-rural area. Looking for top men, 40+ to give expert service, French passive, Greek passive, W/S, rimming. I travel East Coast and accept visitors. Photo/phone gets mine. Write to: James, P.O. Box 898, Ridgeway, VA 24148.

(4/93) AGGRESSIVE DADDY BEAR SEEKS CUBS: Masculine, discreet, hairy GWM, bearded with salt and pepper hair, 48, 6ft., 220+ lbs, muscular/stocky with hazel eyes, HIV negative. Desires friendship with healthy, intelligent, sincere, humorous, sexually submissive, furry bottom cub (any age), who also enjoys boots, leather and Levis, wrestling, Harleys, cowboy hats, country music and dance with lots of kissing, cuddling and worshipping my football player-built body head to toe. I will call all the shots, and you will be a slave to my beer can thick cock. Write: **DADDY GYM**

WASHINGTON

(4/93) SPOKANE AREA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Black teddy bear, 61, 190#, 6 ft., seeks white teddy bears, 40+ for friendship, etc. Interests include traveling, classical music, opera, theatre, museums, reading, safe sex, cuddling. In Europe every summer. Write: Jim, Box 249, Cheney, WA 99004.

(10/93) NATIONWIDE GM WANTED: GWM, 59, 5'-10",230#, uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, a bit furry. Sense of humor requested. Looking for lifemate. Enjoy travel, theatre, cuddling. Must have own income. Straight-acting son wanted. Jim, P.O. Box 241, Montesano, WA 98563.

(2/93) OUTDOORSMAN: GWM, masculine, 61, 5'-11", 165#, healthy, nonsmoker, non-drinker. Seek monogamous companion. May relocate in N.W. or S.W. desert. Like gardening, reading, biking, some travel, friends and sharing kindness, humor and affection. Photos exchanged. **MR. PERPETUAL**

INTERNATIONAL

(Postal rates for not more than 1/2 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .35; Other: .50. For not more than 1 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .45; Other: .95.)

(2/93) YOUNG, HUNG, HORNY IN VANCOUVER: GWM, 28, 5'-11", 140#, blond, 9" cut, HIV negative. Seeks over-40, balding, stocky, hairy, overweight, hung men. Clean-shaven preferred. Men like television's Ed Asner or CR models like MICHAEL OF GERMANY. Enjoy men in suits and leather, maybe lite S & M. Seeking a top man. Seeking a relationship, but friends are great. Photos please. Write: **ROOKIE**

(2/93) ITALIAN: 46 (look younger), 140#, blond hair, slim, would like to correspond with men, 45 to 75. Prefer blacks, Hispanics and Asians, but all are welcome, particularly if hairy. Send detailed letters plus photo, if possible. All replies answered. Write to: Ercole Goggi, P.O. Box 13, 10088 Volpiano (Torino), Italy.

LATE ARRIVING ADS

(2/93) LOS ANGELES: Bright, together, good-looking, 45, 5'-10", 170#, hung, hairy chest, successful professional into tennis, hiking, performing arts, travel, personal growth . . . seeks a loving relationship with in-shape, successful, dynamic, divorced GWM topman, 45-60, over 6', 190# (Dick Butkus-style) with 'stache or beard. Photo and letter to: **WILD BILL**

(6/93) L.A. AREA: GWM, 37, 6'-2", 195#, masculine, good shape, moustache, nonsmoker, clean-cut, HIV negative, well-educated, good job, seeks older (45+), dominant, masculine man for quiet times with classical music, good food and talk. Photo/phone requested. Write: **ALLEN**

[PUBLISHER'S NOTE: Please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing him. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for. On the other hand, if you do fit the description and the advertiser ignores your letter, consider him a loser and write someone else. If the advertiser refuses to return photos, please let us know.]

CLASSIFIED COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

PUBLICATIONS

Little magazine of true male sex experiences. $3.00 to RANCH,P.O. Box 44871, Phoenix, AZ 85064. Please state that you're over 21. (8/93)

CHURCHES

St. Aelred's Parish of the Sarum Episcopal Church, Fr. J.E. Paul Breton, rector. Located at 1580 North "D" Street, Suite 5, San Bernardino, CA 92405. (714) 384-1940. Serving Inland Empire/High Desert men and women of all ages, sexual orientations and colors. Sunday Family Mass - 9:00 a.m.; Sunday Parish Mass - 11:00 a.m.; Wednesday Midweek Mass - 7:00 p.m.; Wednesday Rosary - 8:00 p.m.

GAY IDENTIFIED PSYCHOTHERAPIST

John J. Mcneill, PhD. Twenty-five years experience. Individual, group and couples therapy. Fees on sliding scale. 38 Front St., Binghampton, NY 13905. (607) 467-5391

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS FOR MATURE MEN

(NOTE: Some of the following welcome younger admirers of mature men. Inquire about age requirements.)

PRIME TIMERS, P.O. Box 436, Manchaca, TX 78652 (512) 282-2861. Clubs are located in major cites from coast to coast and in Canada. Call or write Woody Baldwin for the club nearest you.

S.A.G.E., 208 W. 13th St., New York, NY 10011. (212) 741-2247. Stands for Senior Action in a Gay Envirnment, Inc., and is a social services organization for senior gays and lesbians. This group does a lot of charity work for needy elderly gay and lesbian citizens.

S.A.G.E. OF CALIFORNIA, INC., P.O. Box 4071, San Diego, CA 92164. (619) 282-1395. A social and support organization for senior gays and lesbians. Not affiliated with SAGE of New York.

PHOENIX, P.O. Box 103, Wallington, Surrey SM6 9SJ, ENGLAND. A social and support organization for senior men in Great Britain.

NISSE - SENIORPROJECT, P.O. Box 45090 - RFSL, S 104 30 Stockholm, SWEDEN. Social and support group for Scandanavian men called "Senior-groupe."

ARTWORK FOR SALE

THE ARTWORK OF DAVID - Original artwork for sale to benefit AIDS projects. Inquiries Box 70025, Houston, TX 77270-0025.

UNUSUAL ARTWORK - original paintings of nude men of color and Bigmen. Write: KEMUSH c/o CR.

THE ARTWORK OF CALIBAN - original Bigmen artwork for sale. Write: CALIBAN c/o CR.

INVESTORS SOUGHT

For CR Video Project tentatively scheduled to commence Fall, 1993. We are planning a series of homoerotic, non-pornographic video vignettes of very high artistic quality. Production, direction, screenwriting, musical scoring, videography and other technical support will be performed by top professionals who are already CR contributors and subscribers. Actors will be recruited from our pool of CR models. Inquiries to CR c/o P.H. Colley.

THE FINAL WORD

QUESTIONS, COMMENTS, GOSSIP AND HEARTBREAK

Boy, do we get the questions. We get a lot of comments, too, along with reprimands, kudos, thank-you notes and requests. In summary, we get an enormous amount of mail and hundreds of telephone calls a month. Roughly half our time is devoted to correspondence, mail forwarding and telephone conversations, and each issue's completion is met with a huge sigh of relief. Each novel's completion is greeted with a renewed belief in miracles.

We therefore thought you might like to read about some of our more interesting, provocative and profound bits of intercourse. Besides, except for a lovely Christmas dinner at ZIPPER & NIPPER's (plus a business trip we'll tell you about later) there were no union ceremonies, anniversary parties or wild gatherings to tell you about, and I'm burned out on words of wisdom (who just said, "Thank God!"?).

FRIENDLY QUESTIONS

"When are you going to go monthly?" *When publishing eight issues a year turns profitable.*

"So what's the reaction been so far to the Gathering '93 announcement in #53?" *About 100 as of this writing. We need 200 to break even and are hoping for 500 so that we can throw a party that no one will ever forget.*

"Why don't you go after the Latino and Asian readers more? No groups venerate elders like these two." *The absence of photographs featuring Latino and Asian men doesn't mean that they aren't buying and benefiting from the magazine. On the contrary! Latino and Asian readers are just a little more reluctant to release photos for publication than their white and African-American counterparts.*

"After reading *Sanctum*, *Moonfinch*, *Zones*, *Knowing Saturn*, and *Redemption for the Satyr*, I get the distinct impression that you've successfully projected yourself into the psyches of people of color. You've created such vivid Asian, Hispanic and black characters! How do you do it?" *I had a very special grandmother in West Texas who never allowed the use of racial slurs, so I got off to a healthy start in that department. Since I'm of English extraction, I had no ethnic ties (and very few family ties after they found out I was one of the "boys") and certainly never considered it particularly noble to be white. Because I have close friendships with various people of color and have enjoyed romantic interludes with men of all races, I find it exciting and challenging to attempt walking in the shoes of someone of a different race. I've also been forward enough to ask the question: "What was it like growing up black (or Asian or Latino) and gay?" You'd be surprised at how many men will let you inside if you truly care about what's there.*

"Why so few personal ads?" *All our ads are fresh, and the photos we publish are, in effect, ads. Go back and count all the photos and ads for a year, then compare the figure with the*

ad count of those magazines that accumulate or offer free ads to create the illusion of a bigger magazine. Bottom line: CR works big time.

"If you had it to do over again, would you?" *A resounding YES! You have to realize that this magazine saved a multitude of butts, mine included. I was a petrochemical construction buyer who was pushing 50 and not bothering to hide the fact that he was living with a man 20 years his senior. I resigned my job to devote full time to this magazine about six months before I was to be laid off for the 7th time in my life. Moreover, 8 of the 10 companies I worked for in my 25-year construction career no longer exist.*

"Do you ever regret having lost a contributor because of creative differences or misunderstandings?" *Of course. We regret the exit of those writers and artists who left in a huff over creative differences. But then, working with prima donnas can be a pain in the ass. In one instance, however, we had a falling out with a couple of highly talented and wonderfully supportive writers. Unfortunately, I was the prima donna then, and it took me two plus years to realize that I'd been a fool and treated them pretty badly. Thank God they were big enough to forgive me when I apologized. Their work will appear again soon.*

"So what did you guys do for Christmas?" *We drove to Palm Springs to have dinner with ZIPPER, NIPPER, WOLVERINE and friends Lou and Bill from Washington State. As usual, our incredibly funny hosts were in rare form. ZIPPER always leaves us weak with laughter, but NIPPER got his shots in, too. He asked The FRIAR what color his hair used to be. (The FRIAR has natural brown hair with a touch of grey.) ZIPPER told us that he and NIPPER where being shown an exquisite 125-year-old vase by a wealthy client, and NIPPER asked, "Did you buy it new?" Since The NIP is an accomplished organist, we were discussing my years at North Texas State as a music major. When I used the word "flutist," he corrected me and said that "flautist" was the correct word (both are correct, but I prefer the former). I reminded him that I had been a professional flutist and considered the other version pretentious-sounding. "Flautist!" he argued. I explained: "'Flutist' is derived from French; 'flautist' is derived from Old French . . . . Flutist!" I insisted, adding with a growl: "You 'Organumist'!" With this, he retreated to his impressive electronic organ in the music room and played the first four bars from Bach's Toccata in D Minor to show off. As The FRIAR and I made our reluctant farewells and headed for the van, NIPPER yelled, "Flautist!" and slammed the door*

UNFRIENDLY QUESTIONS:

"You changed my short story! What gives you the right to do that?" *We publish the fiction and non-fiction of professionals and amateurs alike, and all of them have to sign a release form that gives us the right to make what changes are required to better serve our readers. Just because we accept something for publication doesn't mean that it is perfect as is. That's why we have editors. It's a dog-eat-dog world out there, and we must publish only what we consider to be the best and most provocative material. If a writer's ego bruises easily, he shouldn't submit his work for publication to anyone.*

"You amaze me. How can a man who is so difficult to work with continue to stay in business?" *Maybe I'm not as difficult as I'm made out to be. Granted, I refuse to suffer the stench of bull shit and can be a little on the perfectionist side, but consider how long KENN RICHIE, RAM, PUG SNIDER, and CHELSEA WILLIAMS have been with us. Almost from the beginning. Loyalty from such world-class talent is not bestowed upon assholes.*

SOME ADVICE

"I'm in the publishing racket, and I strongly recommend that you go to the high quality black & white formats of the other alternative magazines. Think of the money you'd save!" *Yeah, quite a bit. But then, color brings a whole lot of dignity to a portrait. What mends low self-esteem more, color or black and white?*

OVERHEARD

In New York recently: "Did you know that CR just lost their second distributor?" *I hope this doesn't come as too much of a disappointment to the party that started the rumor, but we are doing quite well with our second distributor and are very happy to have him. CR is going to the proper stores now, and we expect an already healthy growth pattern to continue. The loss of our first distributor was a blessing in disguise.*

A HEARTBREAKING LETTER

"Back in Issue #51, you published my letter about the yellow brick road. Since that time so much has happened. D.S. and I had our own company and dealt with other companies all over the world. We had 44 employees. There was very little competition for us worldwide. Unfortunately, we lost a large amount of money due to the over-design of a project. We had to get a bank loan and use our house and business as collateral. We didn't think it was that bad until our customers starting going bankrupt while owing us large sums of money. We had to lay off the 44 employees, including me. Our house is in foreclosure as well as our business. If that was not bad enough, Hurricane Andrew finished off the rest. I don't know why I'm really writing this to you, except that I feel that I am talking to family. My lover is 67 years old, and now he's going to have to go out and seek work when he should be retiring—especially with his bad health. I am now on unemployment. No one will hire me because I'm either over-qualified or too old. Looks like I'll have to work for minimum wage. From an Administrative Vice President to a clerk at K-Mart . . . if I'm lucky. We are never sure of anything from one day to the next. Each day, we are born again, and each day is a lifetime. I don't know what awaits us, but I'm sure that something good has to come out of all this. I must find my yellow brick road again. Health-wise, we are in reasonably good shape. My lover is a borderline diabetic, with high blood pressure, but with medication, that is under control. I am thankful for that. Just about the only pleasure I have been able to enjoy is your wonderful magazine. It just seems like I am part of your family, even though I have never met you personally. Keep up the good work medicating the feelings and binding the broken hearts of your readers. M.D. & D.S./Florida"

And that, dear readers, is the last word.

With love and affection,
Pat and The Friar

ANNOUNCING THE CHIRON RISING GATHERING 1993

AT ORLANDO, FLORIDA, JUNE 3 THRU 7

You asked for it and now you have it: a full-fledged gathering at our own private (provided you sign up soon) 120-room all-gay resort, complete with a gala cocktail/dinner party, an outdoor hospitality "suite" under a tent on a lakeside beach, and an opportunity to meet all your favorite models, writers and artists. All the staff will be there, too. Because of the great demand, we've opened the Gathering up to all our friends world-wide. You do NOT have to be a contributor or subscriber. All readers are invited.

REGISTRATION: After you've read about this momentous occasion and decide that you want to go, you must register with CR and obtain a registration number. That done, our Gathering Coordinator in Florida will send you a confirmation with all the information on the resort and the credentials you must bring with you in order to gain access to the functions. You will not be able to make reservations at the resort or attend the gathering without registering. Of course, you're welcome to stay anywhere you like and still participate by paying the registration fee, but you'll be missing out on some incredibly low lodging rates and a lot of spontaneous excitement—if you know what we mean. Included in the registration fee (see reverse) are a private, surprise-filled get-together at 1:00 p.m., followed by a gala cocktail/dinner party on Saturday evening; continental breakfasts on Friday, Saturday and Sunday mornings; nonalcoholic beverages during the day; and a few other surprises to make this gathering one that you'll never forget. Free transportation to and from the airport will be available to a limited number of early bird registrants. Not included are hotel accommodations, optional tours/activities, and transportation for the optional tours. Orlando offers many attractions such as Disney World with Epcot and the Magic Kingdom, Universal Studio, Sea World, MGM Studio, plus short one-day trips to the beaches at Daytona and the Kennedy Space Center. Those interested in any of these activities need to indicate which ones, and arrangements can be made at the resort.

RESORT RESERVATIONS: Attendees must make their own reservations at the resort, which will be the Parliament House Motor Inn in Orlando. You must identify yourself as being with the CHIRON RISING GATHERING 1993 and state your registration number. The minimum number of persons per room is two; the maximum is four. The special double occupancy rate per room is $45.10 per night ($22.55 per person per night). For three or four to a room, add $11.00 per person. These are special, discounted rates and good for whatever your length of stay. Those men attending alone must accept the roommate we assign you. If we cannot find you a roommate, you'll have to pay the full rate. Specify smoking or nonsmoking. The Parliament House, "the world's largest and most famous all-gay resort and entertainment center," offers all air-conditioned rooms and efficiencies, each with two double beds, CATV and telephone. There are four bars, a disco, a 24-hour restaurant, shops and 24 hour security. Outside, there is a large pool, a white, sandy beach on Rock Lake, a picnic area, a volleyball court and ample parking. (NOTE: The Parliament House has made arrangements to book overflow into nearby motels. Rates for these facilities are slightly higher, and you must provide your own transportation to and from the host hotel.)

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS:

Thursday, June 3 - Early arrivals; reception by your hosts, Pat, The Friar and our GATHERING 93 coordinator, Armand Brunet; greetings and socializing under the tent at lake shore; free time; dinner on your own.

Friday, June 4 - Continental breakfast at the tent; full breakfast/lunch on your own; continued arrivals; free time for optional trips/sight-seeing; dinner on your own.

Saturday, June 5 - Continental breakfast at the tent; full breakfast/lunch on your own; meeting at 1:00 p.m. inside the resort theatre with some surprise speakers and entertainment; cocktail party at 6:00 p.m., followed by an alfresco dinner under the stars; evening free to enjoy the hotel facilities.

Sunday, June 6 - Continental breakfast at the tent; free day for optional trips/sight-seeing, socializing all day at the tent; dinner on your own.

Monday, June 7 - Departure/farewells time; breakfast on your own.

WELL, HOW DOES IT ALL SOUND? SEE REVERSE FOR REGISTRATION APPLICATION AND SEND IT IN BEFORE THIS MUCH-ANTICIPATED EVENT IS SOLD OUT!

CHIRON RISING GATHERING 1993
JUNE 3 THRU 7, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

REGISTRATION FORM

NAME:_____ TELEPHONE: ( )_____
ADDRESS:_____
CITY:_____ STATE:_____ ZIP:_____

REGISTRATION FEE SCHEDULE:

Early Bird — $ 55.00 per person
(Deadline: Postmarked no later than February 27, 1993)

Sleepy Bird - subject to availability. — $ 65.00 per person
(Deadline: Postmarked no later than April 30, 1993)

Sitting Duck - subject to availability. — $ 75.00 per person
(Deadline: Must be received no later than May 20, 1993)

Circle amount enclosed, make your check or money order payable to CHIRON RISING, and mail, along with this completed form to: **CHIRON RISING, P.O. BOX 2589, VICTORVILLE, CA 92393**

HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS:

List names of those who will be sharing your room. Total number in room:_____
Names: 1._____ 2._____
3._____

If you are attending alone, specify the type of roommate you desire: _____Nonsmoker _____Smoker. (Note: we cannot guarantee your choice. Please exhaust all means to find a desirable roommate before you register.)

I will not be staying at Parliament House. I live in the Orlando area: _____. I will be staying elsewhere: _____.

OPTIONAL TOURS:

Please denote any interest in the following optional tours. Disney World, Epcot ( ), Magic Kingdom ( ), Sea World ( ), Universal Studios ( ), Cypress Gardens ( ), Kennedy Space Center ( ), The Beach ( ), Other: _____. The cost of tickets vary, but the average price is $35.00 per person per day. This does not include transportation to and from the attraction.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE INFORMATION:

(For those who wish to take advantage of the limited free transfers to and from the airport.)
ARRIVAL: Airline & flight no. _____ Time: _____
DEPARTURE: Airline & flight no. _____ Time: _____
(IMPORTANT: DO NOT FINALIZE TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS UNTIL YOU RECEIVE REGISTRATION CONFIRMATION.)

I certify that I am twenty-one years of age or older and that I will abide by all the Rules and Regulations pertaining to the Gathering. I will not hold CHIRON RISING, its staff, the Gathering Coordinator, or any of the facilities used during the weekend liable or responsible for any loss or injury to my person or property or for any of my actions—intentional or otherwise. I understand that animal pets are not allowed. I will not bring or use any illegal drugs during this celebration. (NOTE: If you are registering for two people at the same address, both must sign.)

Signature: _____ Date: _____

Signature: _____ Date: _____

ORDER FORM

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - six bi-monthly issues of CR and two semi-annual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - six bi-monthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - three bi-monthly issues of CR and one semi-annual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES -three bi-monthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00

Is this a renewal? Yes____ No____

CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES	NO. AMERICA	S.A. & EUROPE EXCEPT U.K.	U.K. & ELSEWHERE
1992: #48, #50, #51, #52	1.50	3.00	4.00
1992: #53	3.00	5.00	6.00
CR CLASSICS - SEMI-ANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES			
FALL/WINTER 90/91 (SANCTUM)	2.00	4.00	6.00
SPRING/SUMMER 92 (KNOWING SATURN)	2.00	4.00	6.00
FALL/WINTER 92/93 (REDEMPTION . . .)	8.00	10.00	12.00

NOTE: We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials. The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere (except Japan, Great Britain and New Zealand, which are mailed via Air Mail Correspondence rate). Circle items requested and enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk. It should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

[4864Luna, Phelan]

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE:
SIGNED:_____
NAME:_____
ADDRESS:_____
CITY/STATE/ZIP:_____

PERSONAL CLASSIFIED AD ORDER FORM

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD FOR ISSUE #55(APR 93) NO LATER THAN FEBRUARY 15, 1992

Personal ads are 30 cents per word. Minimum order - $10. Codewords *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)* are $5 per issue. A telephone verification charge of $5 is required for the publication of telephone numbers (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year). On a separate sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then attach it to this properly completed form. If you use a codeword, make sure it is unique. If your particular codeword has already been taken, we will assign another. YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER". YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

YOUR REAL NAME (not for publication):_____AD DURATION:___Issues
YOUR MAILING ADDRESS (if you are not a subscriber)_____
_____

PRICING:_____Words X 30 cents/word X _____Issues= $_____
Codeword (if applicable): _____Issues @ $5 Each Issue _____
Telephone Verification (if applicable) @ $5 (One Time Charge) _____
TOTAL REMITTANCE (U.S. funds only) $_____

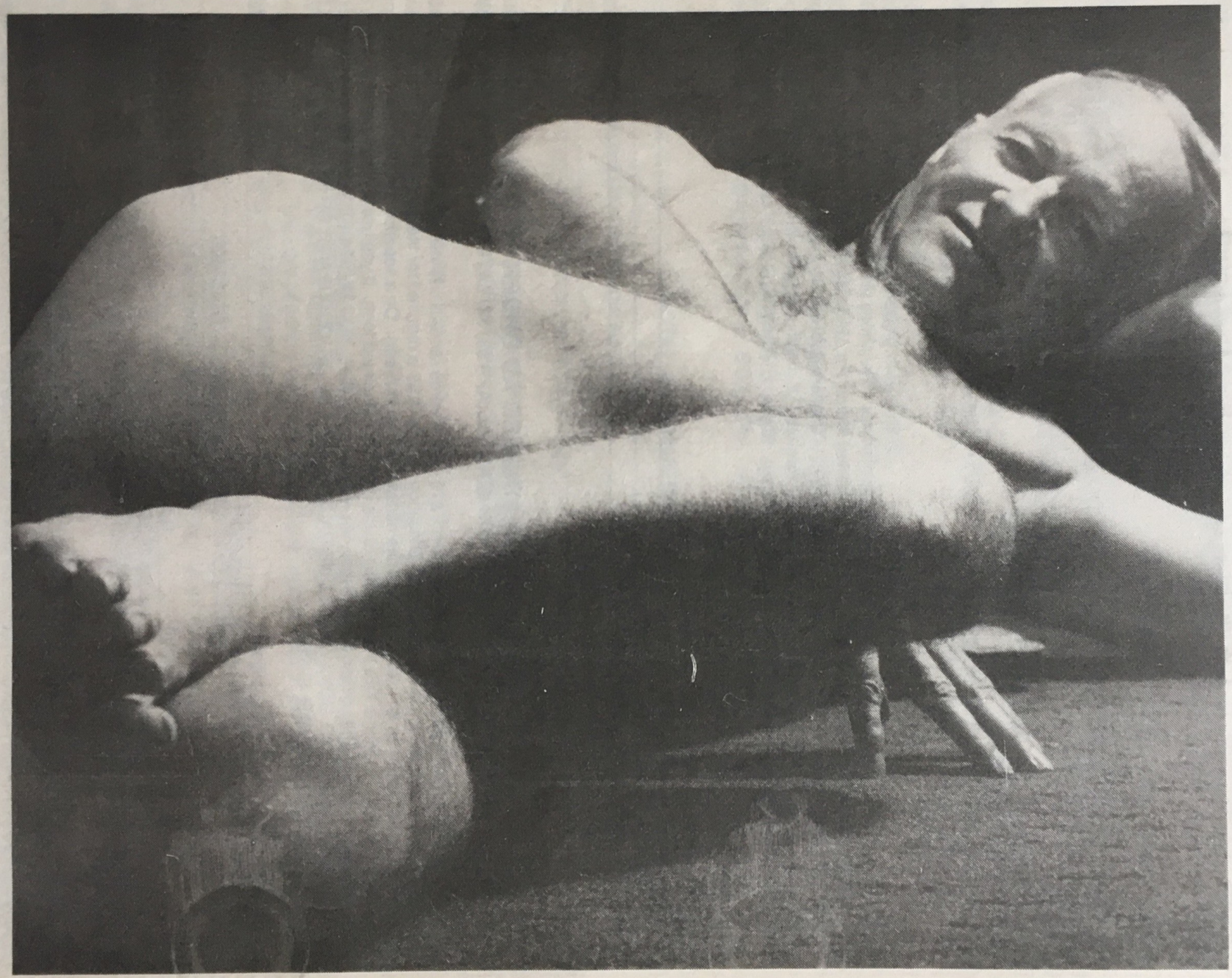
We reserve the right to alter, re-write or reject any ad we feel is not in the best interest of this publication.

I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take sole responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident.
(Sign)_____

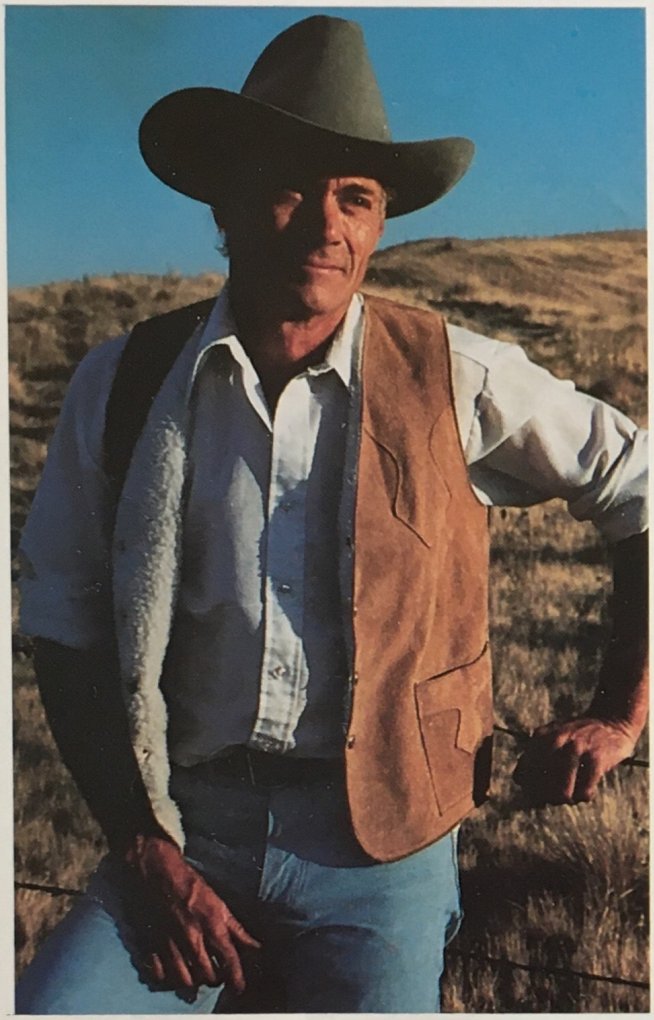
Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

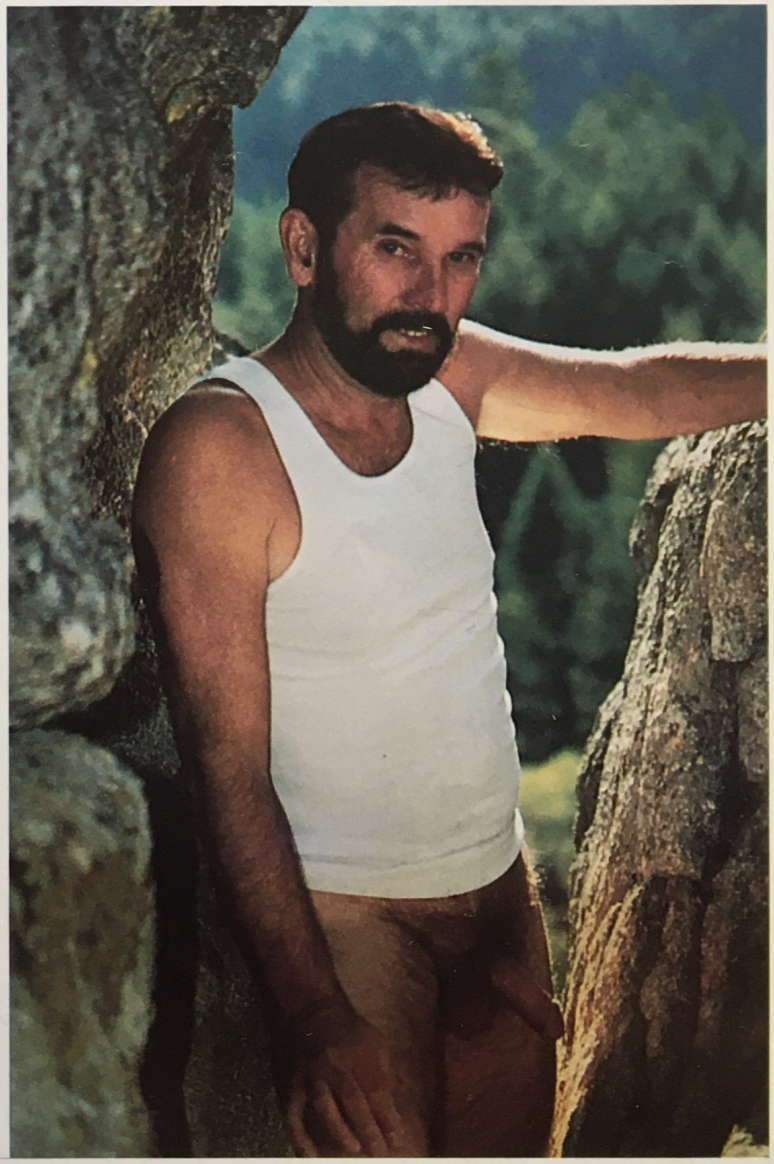
BUD II

photo by ANON



THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF JOEL





(Clockwise from upper left) **MAVERICK, THOM, BIG PAW, LEW, EGGS**

ROUGH RIDER
PHOTO BY PUTNAM